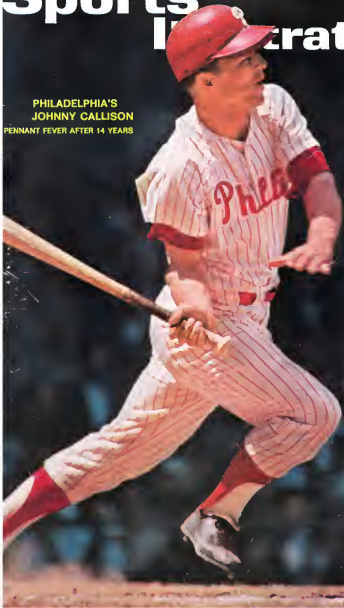


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 10, 1964 20 CENTS

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Next week

19 YEARS AGO this month SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published its first issue. Here, in a salute to that memorable decade, is a 29-page portfolio of photographs in color and black and white.

ROOKIE QUARTERBACK

Don Trull stayed in Texas to play with the Oilers. Edwin Strake tells why, and analyzes Trull's problems in getting on—and along with—the team

THE HUDSON RIVER, rich in fish and one of the great boating streams in the country, survives despite man's misuse of it. A detailed report on the sacred "American Rhine."



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SCORECARD

SOUND AND FURY

Although the World Boxing Association changed its name a while back, it has not changed its nature. Like a turtle and like its predecessor, the National Boxing Association, the WBA is always sticking its neck out, then pulling it back at the first threat. Through its president, Ed Lassman, who once threatened to lift Muhammad Ali's heavyweight title because he did not like the champion's manners, the WBA now is considering a refusal to recognize the Clay-Sonny Liston rematch, signed last week for somewhere, sometime. The WBA does not like rematch clauses in fight contracts, Lassman explained, it does not like Liston's underworld connections and it does not like the idea of a fighter, like Liston, having a piece of a promotion.

The WBA is supremely correct on all three points and utterly incapable of enforcing them. It would be inconsistent with its past performances if it even tried to enforce them. It has yawned against rematch clauses for years and has recognized all rematches. It knew of Liston's thoroughly publicized underworld connections long before he won the title and recognized all his lights.

The WBA will consider Lassman's three points at its Norfolk, Va. convention later this month. It will do about them what it has done in the past. Nothing effective.

THE BLUE MARLIN BLUES

The International Game Fish Association, which authenticates all world marine game-fish rod-and-reel records, has for some time been caught up in an ichthyological dispute. It began when the association removed the silver marlin from its books this year, thus disqualifying what had been world-record catches, including a 911-pound marlin taken in Hawaiian waters by Duke Scott of Los Angeles in 1957. There is no such thing, the IGFA ruled, as a silver marlin—a decision reached largely through the efforts of ichthyologists like Dr. Donald DeSylva of the University of Miami. "The silver aspect," DeSylva said, "is

merely a color phase which some marlin enter when taken from the water."

Ichthyologists are also convinced that the Atlantic and Pacific blue marlin (and the late silver marlin) are one and the same fish. They want the IGFA to list them that way.

If the IGFA does switch to a single category for blue marlin.

- There will be only four species of marlin—black, blue, striped and white.
- The world-record blue marlin may be the pending 1,095-pounder caught off Hawaii this year by Jack Whaling of Glendale, Calif.
- Six more marlin records will be discarded, among them Gary Stukes' all-tackle 810-pound (Atlantic) blue, caught off Hatteras, N.C. two years ago. If that makes Mr. Stukes sad, think what it will do to Hatterasmen who, in happy tribute to Stukes' fish and the 300 or so blue marlin caught off Hatteras to date, have been promoting their village as "The Blue Marlin Capital of the World."

BROKEN TRADITION

When the results of the first day at the U.S.-U.S.S.R. truck meet at Los Angeles reached Moscow, *Pravda* printed the news in a tiny article on its last page. Soviet radio carried only fragmentary reports. However, the Ukrainian edition of *Sovetski Sport* remarked dryly that even these disorganized bulletins made it clear that "the events under the blue California sky were not promising anything pleasant for the Soviet team."

Now the Russian papers have come around to reviewing the events in Los Angeles in detail. Last week the readers of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* opened up to the headline: A BROKEN TRADITION. It set the tone for many Soviet comments. The line is this:

After five successive victories, Soviet triumphs in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meets have come to be expected. But in 1964, for the first time, the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet was held in an Olympic year. The Americans concentrated all effort on winning the meet; the Russians are looking ahead to the Olympics. Then there were

physical factors like the Los Angeles smog. The natives are conditioned to this mixture of fog and soot "but our athletes were unaccustomed to it," *Pravda* noted soberly. "The boys were gasping for breath during the longer races."

There was sober self-criticism, too, and the Russian papers noted some ungrudging praise for the winners. *Pravda* said that neither smog nor accidents clouded "the merit of the American distance men who have achieved great successes in recent times." *Trud* observed that Russian women athletes are growing old, that the greater experience of the Russian men was not enough to counterbalance the youth of their opponents.

"But perhaps a certain smugness is an even more serious evil," said *Trud*, leaving something for the U.S. winners to ponder on.

SPORTING COMMUTERS

On days when the wind is right—no wind at all, that is—a tiny but dedicated group of Puget Sound ferry commuters knows just what to do. They go to the nearest dime store, buy a 39¢ kite and catch the 5:05 or 5:45 ferry home. For the 35 minutes it takes the ferry to go from Seattle



to Bainbridge Island, they fly kites from the stern. Equipment, as a rule, consists of a salmon or surf-casting reel and perhaps 1,000 feet of 8-pound test monofilament, though a splinter group of purists holds to the old hand-held ball of string.

Kite-flying from a ferry is not easy. Traveling at 12 knots, the boat creates a low-pressure area at the stern that makes it difficult to get a kite into the

air. A strong headwind makes it almost impossible.

On July 10, Stuyvesant B. Pell set what everybody believes to be a world record Aboard the *Tillamook*, on the 5:05 run he flew a yellow-and-green box kite (30c special, Rhodes of Seattle department store). Pell let out 1,000 feet of line from his surf-casting reel, and the kite, according to unreliable witnesses, went "clean out of sight."

"At any rate," says John D. Cratty, top kite of the Ferry Kite-Flying Association, "we are claiming that Pell holds the world kite-flying record from the stern of a ferry." He has authorized Stuart A. Robertson, another kite buff, to study what international rules he can find on kite-flying and draft a set of regulations to apply to ferry kite-flying. Major purpose of the association, however, seems to be to insure that losers in "challenge matches" buy drinks at the end of the ferry run. Sometimes some of the members get home higher than a kite.

ONE FOR THE METS

Another milestone was reached last week by Masaoichi Kaneda, ace left-handed pitcher for the Kokuetsu Swallows. He pitched the Swallows to a 2-0 victory over the Taiyo Whales, leaders of Japan's Central League, for his 20th win of the year (against nine losses), which made it the 14th consecutive year in which he has won 20 or more games. That equals the American record set by Cy Young from 1891 to 1904. At 32, he may have another 10 good years ahead of him.

In the opinion of Jim Marshall, once with the New York Mets, now playing last base with the Chunichi Dragons, "Kaneda belongs in Casey Stengel's rotation right now. At least half the major league clubs could use him as a starter, and his aversion of curves together with pinpoint control would make him valuable in relief for all the others."

Thank it over, Casey.

THE COMPLETE SEAMAN

No sport, with the possible exception of golf, has spawned as many books as the sport of boating. Without ever leaving the arid environs of his Kansas penthouse, the vicarious sailorman far from the sea can sample in books the joys of cruising the Gowanus Canal in April, learn how to cook a soufflé in the horse latitudes, and master the art of mooring a four-masted barkentine in a tide rip. Yet, except for the durable but too-often revised bible of boating known as

continued

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SCORECARD continued

Chapman's (*i.e.*, *Piloting, Seamanship and Small-Boat Handling* by Charles F. Chapman), there has up to now been no single adequate, authoritative reference work to which the active boatman could turn for accurate information on all aspects of his sport.

With the publication of a book which calls itself *The Complete Boating Encyclopedia* (Golden Press, \$9.95) that lack has been splendidly remedied. Do you know what a rowboat is? The complete encyclopedia will tell you and waste no words about it. Do you know what the speed-length ratio is and how to calculate a boat's maximum hull speed from the length of her effective waterline? The complete encyclopedia, one of the few books of its kind we have seen which truly deserves its title, will tell you that, too, and tell it clearly.

We have only one suggestion to offer Editor Morris Weeks Jr. and the impressive corps of authorities who helped put this book together: make your next edition waterproof.

FOR HIS WINNING WAY

Everyone remembers Bob Beattie—the U.S. Olympic Alpine coach who raised all that fuss over the seedings in Innsbruck, outrageously promised that our men would win some medals for the first time and, just when it looked as if Beattie was dead wrong, got those medals delivered by Billy Kidd (second) and Jimmy Heuga (third) in the slalom. What was supposed to happen to Beattie in the quiet, nonskating months that followed was his dismissal as U.S. coach. Too controversial, his critics insisted, and too hard on the athletes. But now the U.S. Ski Association has decided that it likes winning. Beattie has been renamed coach of the U.S. Alpine program by unanimous vote and for an indefinite period, meaning that he will coach the 1966 FIS team for sure and probably the 1968 Olympic team as well.

And what did Beattie do when he was re-appointed? He scheduled a full-scale training camp for Bend, Ore. this month to "find some racers."

"We especially need new girls," said Beattie. "We've got the 32 best girls in this country coming to Bend for 10 days, and we're looking for winners."

Beattie is also hard at work on promoting what could be the biggest off-year ski event in history—a three-way (U.S., Austria, France) meet at Aspen,

Colo., next March. It would be called the American Internationals, a memorial to Buddy Werner. Beattie already has ABC-TV guaranteeing \$25,000 for the meet and is hopeful of keeping the French and Austrians around for a series of competitions to follow—the better to train our racers.

We approve of the U.S. Ski Association approving of a man as dedicated as Bob Beattie.

THE PRECISE WORD

Most parents become aware of the teenage talk swirling around them and translate it into their own language without thinking too much about it. However, one Bucks County, Pa. matron, mother of three teenage girls, was thrown into a thoughtful mood the other day when she came upon the odd words of youth confronting her from the written page.

The three inland-type girls were guests on an extended and very active vacation with friends at Virginia Beach. They were ecstatic about the unaccustomed aquatic sports and games and described them with fervor in their letters home. One wrote that the beach was a "riot." Another conveyed that the vacation, as a whole, was a "blast." This one concluded a description of a fishing trip by saying, "The fishing was sharpness." The third was deeply impressed by the sea. "Mother," she wrote, "the ocean is neat."

"I had never thought of it that way before," said her mother, "but the ocean is neat."

HORSE TRADE

Until just the other day the U.S. Cavalry (forgetting those units that are actually infantry or armored but still called cavalry) consisted of two horses. Now there is one, a genial fellow named Charley, who is 32 years old and devotes himself to munching pasture grass at Fort Riley, Kans. He had a 25-year-old counterpart named Charley, who made himself useful by standing guard duty at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Mo. But Charley suddenly was declared government surplus, and he seemed odds-on to end his life as the prize of a horseseat packer, even though the General Services Administration, putting him up for auction, described him attractively as "horse, black, approximately 25 years old, gentle, former U.S. Cavalry horse."

At auction, Charley drew a bid of \$51

from John Montgomery, editor of the Junction City, Kans. *Union*, who planned to donate him to Fort Riley so that Chief might have a companion to reminisce with. But Charley went for \$101 to Howard Benjamin, Kansas City riding-stable owner. That was a crushing disappointment to another bidder—the students at the School of the Ozarks in Point Lookout, Mo. They had put together pennies, nickels and dimes to the amount of \$100.01, and they wanted Charley as a mascot.

They have him now. Benjamin donated the gelding to the school with the stipulation that he appear each year at the Kansas City Rodeo. In return, Benjamin was promised a three-pound fruitcake baked for him specially by the girls at the School of the Ozarks.

BITTER, THEN BETTER

It was a bitter ending to an otherwise excellent season for Harvard when its fine eight-oar crew was soundly beaten last month by the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia. The race was the one the Harvards wanted most: the Olympic rowing trials. Harvard men had been waiting 64 years to see a Crimson eight represent the U.S. at the Olympics.

"Wait till next time," an alumnus said to Coach Harry Parker. "Next time, my hat," said Parker. He picked four of his best men and a cox, put them in a four-oar shell and sent them back to Orchard Beach Lagoon for the National Championships. This time Harvard ran away from Vesper and the rest of the field over the 2,000-meter course.

There is, to be sure, another 2,000 meters between here and Tokyo but, at the second half of the Olympic rowing trials at Orchard Beach on August 26-29, it does not appear that anyone is going to surpass Parker's better half.

THEY SAID IT

- Norm Van Brocklin, Minnesota Vikings' coach, telling his rookies how to gain a place on the team. "Go out and knock down a veteran a few times. You're adults now."
- Harland Sware, coach of the Los Angeles Rams, explaining a course in Positive Thinking being administered to his squad: "It's something designed to help the players narrow the gap between their output and their potential."
- Whitey Ford, Yankees' star southpaw, on throwing spitballs: "When I was a little boy, my mother told me never to put my fingers in my mouth."

END

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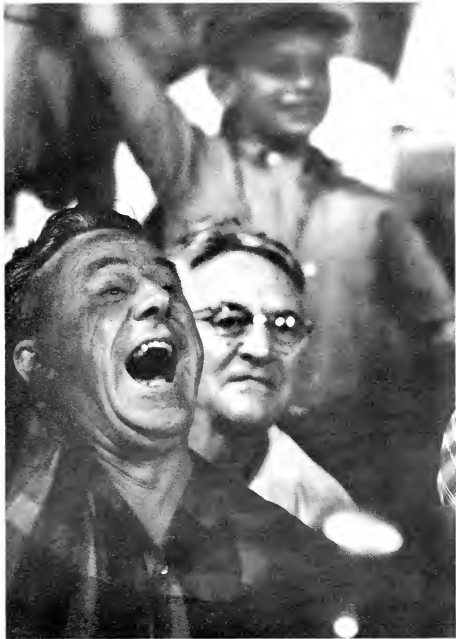
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LET'S GO, PHILLIES!

The city of Philadelphia, butt of jokes for decades because of its somnolent atmosphere and bad baseball teams, is wide-awake and yelling its head off for the league-leading Phillies, whose name seems to be on every street corner in the city

by JACK OLSEN



WALTER HODDS JR.

CONTINUED



As unlikely as it may sound to seasoned observers of the city of Philadelphia, some 5,000 citizens waited two hours at the airport the other night to greet the homebound Phillies, the surprise team of the National League this year. "Last I remember something like this," said a harassed policeman as the crowd surged forward to envelop its returning heroes, "was the Whiz Kids in 1950." Horns and bagles blared, flags waved and poets tore passions to tatters with banners announcing:

YOU MAKE US A NERVOUS WITCH,
BUT AS LONG AS YOU WIN
WHAT THE HECK?
Not to mention

THE BEST OF THE TEAMS ARE OUT THE DOOR
IT'S THE CHAMPION PHILLIES IN '84

A young man held up a placard proclaiming "CANSTRO SEE ROJAS sit in flamboyant tribute to the Phillies' Cuban-born Cooker, who is the team's third-string shortstop, second-string center fielder, second-string second baseman, third-string catcher and third-string left fielder. CALLISON FOR PRESIDENT!" said another sign, inspiring the Phillies' right fielder (see later) to observe in puzzlement: "Gee, this is the first time I've been mentioned for the White House!" At the last minute, a 12-car caravan from the 3500 block of Joyce Street screeched into the parking lot, where its 19-year-old leader explained that he had been driving around recruiting his neighbors, something that is not going to be done on Park Avenue if the Yankees win the pennant. Some Beagle fans chanted, "Hey, Phillies, we love you! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!" The 9200 block of Frankford Avenue was represented by a delegation bearing a sign, GO, PHILLIES, GO, thus putting itself one up on the 9100 block. For 45 minutes there was chaos, and the fans stayed on to cheer long after Rojas and Callison and Pitcher Jim Bunning and Manager Gene Mauch and the rest of the Phillies had been rushed to safety by wedges of law. The *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the oldest daily newspaper in the U.S. and one that usually practices decent restraint, summed up: "It was Caesar's victorious legions marching into Rome; it was Douglas MacArthur going down Broadway in a storm of ticker tape. It was the winners coming home."

The next night a visitor to Philadelphia, himself a former inmate of the city

who had been brought up on the inept Phillies and the hapless A's, on pitchers like Line Drive Nelson and Boom Boom Beck, went to the ball park. Out of the dim recesses of memory, the visitor recalled that there were only two courses of activity open on a week night in Philadelphia: one could go to the ball park, or one could go to Linton's restaurant and watch the conveyor belt. He had seen the conveyor belt and found it lacking in programmatic content, and now he was perched in a seat at Connie Mack Stadium, traditional scene of more hatched ground balls and hanging curve balls than any baseball arena east or west of the Jones Junior High in Toledo. The visitor watched apathetically as the St. Louis Cardinals sent up a speedy little center fielder named Curt Flood, who promptly opened the game with a hot smash into right field. Johnny Callison did it Keystone Kops in the wet grass and the ball squirted away as Flood sprinted for an extra base. Callison recovered his dignity and the ball simultaneously, and threw Flood out at second.

Then Lou Brock hit a cannon shot up the middle. Pitcher Chris Short deflected the ball in sheer self-defense, and Cooker Rojas charged across from shortstop so fast that his red-and-white uniform looked like a blob of pink. He barreled the ball and threw Brock out by the thickness of a Connie Mack Stadium hamburger, 1-6-3 if you're scoring. To complete the half inning on the same dazzling plane, Dick Groat smacked a screamer about four feet over the head of Third Baseman Richie Allen, who clawed upward into the air, using everything but pitons, and pulled the ball down quicker than you can say Ray Rapplemeyer.

"Excuse me," said the visitor to a man sitting next to him. "Don't you ever have any normal outs here?"

"Nope," said the Philadelphian. "Here, every out's an adventure."

Adventure is not a word that comes immediately to mind when one thinks of Philadelphia or its Phillies. W. C. Fields once insisted that his tombstone bear the inscription: "I'd rather be here than in Philadelphia," moving John Barrymore, a native-born Philadelphian, to compliment Fields on his "rare insight." Generations of traveling salesmen have vowed the folks back in Bridgeport and Paramus by ad libbing, "I spent a week in Philadelphia yesterday," or "I went

to Philadelphia last Thursday, but it was closed."

Ah, but that was long ago. Philadelphia has awakened from its civic somnolence. Billions of dollars have been spent on a massive urban-renewal program, midtown atrocities like the old Chinese Wall, a downtown eyesore that carried the Pennyc's suburban trains into the city, have been razed and replaced by high-rise apartment buildings and glassy skyscrapers. Expressways connect the farthest points of the city; employment is rising steadily; flowers bloom in window boxes in what used to be ratty slums, and everybody is looking ahead to 1976, when Philadelphia will put on a World's Fair.

Smiling overhead, as he has been for 69 years, is William Penn, bestatued atop City Hall, newly scrubbed and bathed in a glow of amber lights that can be seen for miles, a far cry from the days when the poor old Quaker stood dimly lighted in sooty anonymity. Philadelphia folklore has it that the statue once faced toward the ball park, but that Mr. Penn became so disgusted at a hatched double-play ball that he turned away in shame. One may expect the city's founder to turn back again any day now, thus aligning himself with the rest of the city, which looks with strange, perverse Philadelphia pride on this team of seemingly average, everyday ballplayers rushing pell-mell toward a pennant just as if they knew what they were doing.

The Phillies may finish the season without a 20-game winner, without a .300 hitter and without a leader in any offensive department. The Phutic Phillies of years gone by have become the Phantom Phillies of 1964, a bunch of invisible men who do not seem to ken that a team without stars should not be a pennant contender. The Phillies appear so ordinary, at first blush, that Houston Sports-writer Mickey Herskowitz dubbed them "Gene Mauch and the Philadelphia Department of Recreation team." Not long ago, Phil Seghi of the Cincinnati Reds' front office watched the Phillies working out before a game. Looking at the likes of John Herrnstein, Costen Shockley (that's right, Costen Shockley), Rick Wise and Johnny Briggs, he observed: "If this ball club heats us tonight, I'll be looking for the mirrors they did it with." Nine innings later he was looking

for the mirrors. One critic said, "The title of the Phillies' story should be: 'How to Succeed in Baseball Without Really Winning.'" But the indisputable fact is that the team *has* been winning, and some of the ways and wherefores defy simple explanation. The Phillies are masters of the hack-up play, the bunt, the cutoff, the sacrifice, all the subtleties and nuances and disciplines of baseball. And, lacking stars, they have been forced to become a team. As Johnny Callison explains, "I've never played on a club where batters were so willing to give themselves up for the team. There's just nothing like it in baseball."

There is a reason for all this and the name of the reason is Gene Mauch, a gritty, gutsy little thinker who brought the team from the ninth circle of hell (23 straight losses, a major league record, in 1961) to pennant contention. Mauch has honed and sharpened the Phillies into the best defensive ball club in the National League, and he has done it by unceasing attention to detail. Some of his moves are old, some are new and some are borrowed. But all of them work. Consider:

Mauch has taught his infielders to flub pop-ups intentionally when a slow batter is up and a fast runner is on first. Thus the fast runner gets thrown out at second and the slow runner gets to first, where he is less likely to do any damage.

When Mauch smells a hit-and-run play coming up, he signals the pitcher to throw *behind* the batter, thus breaking up any possibility that the ball will be hit. "You have to do it," says Mauch, "especially on a guy like Dick Groat. If you give him a pitchout, he'll throw his bat at it, and half the time he'll connect."

For eons the Philadelphia bullpen was in left field, but Mauch moved it to right and thereby won many a ball game he would otherwise have lost. Now Coach Bob Oltis sits in the bullpen with a towel at the ready. If a ball is going to be over the reach of the enemy right fielder, Oltis waves the towel and the Phillies' base runners take off without further ado. When the bullpen was in left field such signals would have been useless; a ball over the left fielder's reach is a home run.

Mauch has taught his second basemen and shortstops to put on acting performances worthy of Peter Sellers, as, for example, in a game against Cincinnati. Frank Robinson, an excellent base run-

ner, was on first. He was off and running when the batter hit a soft fly ball. Ordinarily, he would have seen the fly and jogged safely back to first. But Second Baseman Tony Taylor bent over in a crouch as though to field a ground ball. Shortstop Bubba Wine moved over to cover second on the "double-play" ball. "Give it to me quick!" Wine shouted. Robinson came barreling into second and was doubled off first base by 90 feet to end the game. "What an act!" said Wine after the game. "If I could hit, I'd be worth \$1 million."

"We've got to do things like that," Mauch explains. "We're the kind of team that has to take advantage."

Mauch is a darkly intense, rock-hard, handsome man of 38. He was pulled out of a hat to lead the Phillies in 1960, and the magician who did the pulling was General Manager John Quinn, who specializes in such feats of necromancy. "I'd been watching that boy for something like 14 years," Quinn says, "and I knew he was right for our needs."

Mauch is the rare kind of baseball figure who pauses before answering any question, collects his thoughts and then speaks bluntly and frankly, and let the critics be damned. "There are managers who manage for the press box and the fans just trying to keep themselves out of trouble," he says with characteristic acidity. "But you can't hedge trying to keep your job, and you can't angle your decisions to suit somebody else. I come in for criticism because I do a lot of platooning. Believe me, I don't want to manage that way. The ideal way is to have a Kubek and a Mantle and a Tresh and a Howard and write down their names every day in the lineup, and just stay out of the way and don't mess things up. But we don't have that kind of team."

The Philadelphia fans, faithful though they may be, do not always make Gene Mauch's job easier. Philadelphians feel about baseball the way Milanese do about grand opera; they have been watching it for what seems like centuries, and they have become superknowledgeable and supercritical. A Philadelphia fan may come to the park dressed in Bermuda shorts, ankle socks, saddle shoes and an undershirt, but when it comes to telling a passed ball from a wild pitch or understanding the balk rule, he is unequalled for sophistication. And nothing less than perfection will do; otherwise

the Philadelphia fan boos. Philadelphia has long enjoyed a reputation as the booingest town in the majors. Every opposing player is razed as his name is read over the P.A. system. A Phillies' player can go 4 for 4, but let him blow one play and he gets the old karoo. Fans who miss foul balls are booed, and so are fans who don't. This is a fine old Philadelphia tradition, dating back to the days when the A's and the Phils, the Mets of their era, were smelling up the place. The reflex remains. A few weeks ago the Phillies' Ruben Amaro dove for a hot liner, missed it and came down hard on his shoulder. A hush fell over the crowd, for a chump, as Amaro lay inert. Then he got up and returned bravely to his position. Now this is what Lindsey Nelson would call "an applauding situation," and indeed a handful of fans gave Amaro a nice round of appreciation. But one beefy man along the first-base line stood up and emitted a foghorn "boooo!"

"That man," said a seasoned observer of Philadelphia folkways, "is a Philadelphia. All them people that clapped, they're imposters."

"It can be a little rough on some of our kids," Mauch says. "I just try to explain to them that this is the way people are here, that they're really the best fans in baseball and they don't mean anything by their booing." He paused and scratched his head. "But it still puzzles me. How can anybody even shape his lips in the form of a hoo when a player like Richie Allen comes to bat?"

Mauch and the Phillies learned deep respect for the hometowners three years ago, when the team racked up that appalling losing streak and was met at the airport by a crowd of well-wishers who carried Mauch off on their shoulders. "It was right then that the Phillies started moving," says Mauch. "Up until then we had a team made up of players who didn't want to admit they were Phillies. They considered themselves to be ex-Reds or ex-Braves, anything but Phillies. But when they lost 23 straight, they joined forces; they started to have compassion for one another. Then after they had a little success as a result of this unity of spirit, or whatever you want to call it, then the rest of the league started having respect for them, and by God this was good for these kids. Other players would say, 'These aren't the

continued

Phutle Phillies any more, you'd better watch these baskets." When they got that respect around the league, they began to get pride, and pride is what motivates anybody."

Mauch exploited, nurtured and protected his players' pride. He held Johnny Callison out of the starting lineup on the last day of the 1962 season so that Callison's .300 average would not be jeopardized. He wanted Callison to go through the winter and the next year thinking of himself as a .300 hitter. He

used certain young-but-promising players like Callison, Tony Gonzalez and Clay Dalrymple only in games where he thought they could hit the opposing pitcher, and benched them against the likes of Warren Spahn and Sandy Koufax. When they gained confidence, he played them regularly. Dalrymple is exhibit A in what Mauch can do with a young ballplayer. "When Dalrymple came up to the Phillies," General Manager Quinn recalls, "I thought he was a horrible mistake made by one of our

scouts." And since he had been only a Triple-A catcher the year before, Dalrymple knew nothing about National League batters. Says Mauch: "Dalrymple and I spent hours and hours talking baseball, figuring out together how to handle hitters. Remember, when he first came up I was green too. The only thing a manager can really contribute is what he knows about the league and what he knows about his own players, and I didn't know any of this. Dalrymple worked right with me and we figured it out together. And now that son of a gun goes out and calls a game damned near pitch for pitch the way I would want it to be called."

Mauch also communicated to the Phillies, almost by osmosis, a couple of fundamental prejudices of his own. "For one thing," he says, "I believe that there are certain players in this league who should never—I mean *never*—get a key hit against you. When one of those guys gets a hit and wins a game against us, it kills me. If I was a pitcher, and one of those weak hitters won a game against me, I'd quit. Or I'd be fined \$50 every time he came up because he'd be flat on his tail every time he came to bat, and then I'd get him out with a dinky curve. They've legislated so greatly against rough-and-ready baseball that you're not allowed to intimidate batters that are susceptible to intimidation. But it can still be done—some."

"Another thing I tried to tell the players: most one-run games are lost, not won. You can always look back and find some point in the game where you gave 'em a run, some point where the perfect execution of an outfield throw would have cut off a run, or something like that. If I lose 6-0, you don't hear a word out of me. I don't like it, but I figure we got beat. But when we lose a game 7-6, I'm not very graceful about it." This year, to no one's surprise, the Phillies are 18-9 in one-run games.

Last year, when the team was piling up the best second-half record in the National League, they lost a game in Houston, of all places. Mauch came into the clubhouse and saw several of his players happily chomping away on a buffet supper. He flipped the table upside down, sending spareribs and barbecue sauce toward all points of the compass. Later he told Tony Gonzalez and Wes Covington to buy new suits to replace the ones that had been spattered and to

The Phillies' versatile utility man Cookie Rojas is even good at flipping and catching popovers.



charge them to him. Mauch tends toward this pattern of blowing his top and making up for it later as graciously as possible.

The net result of this behavior is that Mauch, who is the undisputed boss of his team on and off the field, makes few close friends in baseball, and that seems to be the way he wants it. As Johnny Callison says, "Some of the people here have been saying that I should help Gene by trying to be the team leader, hollering and screaming to pump the guys up. But Gene doesn't need that. He's gonna do what he wants to do no matter who's up to bat. He makes me take 2-and-0 pitches and 3-and-1 pitches, and sometimes it surprises me the pitches he makes me take. He really runs the hall game. He's the big cheese, and you do what he says. If you play the game his way, fine. And he knows what he's doing. He's probably the best manager around."

Mauch, conversely, thinks that John Callison is the best right fielder around. Except for Third Baseman Richie Allen and Pitcher Jim Bunning, Callison certainly is the closest the Phillies have to a bona fide star. He is also the team's least visible man. Says a Philadelphia sportswriter: "Here's the story of Callison's life: one day he goes 5 for 5, and after the game all the reporters are interviewing Jack Baldschun, the relief pitcher. It's always been that way with Callison. He fades into the woodwork; you don't even know he's out there till you look at the statistics."

The statistics show that Callison is the team leader in runs batted in, if not in volubility, and has been for several years, although the rookie, Allen, is pressing him closely. Callison has led the National League in assists for the last two years and has a good chance to do it again. He is a soft-spoken, disarmingly modest ballplayer who is frankly confused by criticism, no matter how benign. A few years ago, Bobby Del Greco hung the nickname "Candy" on him, and it bothered Callison. Nobody ever defined precisely what was meant by "Candy," but the general interpretation was that he had a brittle arm, a "candy" arm. When he began leading the league in assists, the nickname disappeared (and so did Del Greco).

Callison was one of the many ballplayers who twisted and squirmed and struggled to avoid becoming a Philadelphia Phillie. When Callison was 17 and

a hotshot high school athlete in Bakersfield, Calif., Babe Herman led a pack of scouts to the Callison home and tried to establish a rapport by going into the kitchen and whipping up a dinner. Herman's gourmet treats had no effect. Herman was scouting for the Phillies, and to Callison they were anathema. The young slugger signed instead with the White Sox. Two years later, after being injured and sick and generally miserable, he was traded to the Phils for Third Baseman Gene Freese. "It was the worst day of my life," Callison remembers. "That was the team I least wanted to be with."

General Manager Quinn, who could outtrade a Swiss pawnbroker, remembers the circumstances. "We had been dickering with the White Sox, and when they mentioned Callison something clicked in my mind. When Callison had first come up to the majors, the White Sox had made a movie called *The White Sox Story*. The first thing you saw was Chuck Comiskey sitting at his desk as vice-president of the team, and then you saw Johnny Callison giving his mother a goodbye kiss and going off to spring training. And instead of being a White Sox movie it turned out to be a Johnny Callison movie. The fellow was exploited to the sky. He could run, he could throw, he could swing the bat. I never forgot that movie. I don't think the White Sox are showing it anymore. But Freese for Callison was a good trade, a fair trade. It met the needs of both teams."

Callison, underneath his homespun exterior, is not quite so easygoing as he appears. He has been criticized for not believing enough in himself, and there are those who maintain that his own inner doubts are all that keep him from becoming Philadelphia's best hitter since the redoubtable Chuck Klein. Says a teammate: "If John had any idea how great he really is, he'd hit .600. Take for instance, he's always borrowing bats. When he hit that three-run homer that won the All-Star Game he was using Billy Williams' bat—a 32-ounce bat. When he went 5 for 5 and 4 for 4 against San Francisco, he was using Orlando Cepeda's bat—a 40-ounce bat. Why, the guy doesn't even have any confidence in his bats!"

To all of this Callison answers in his subdued, slow manner: "I believe in myself. I have confidence every time I go

to the plate. Heck, if you don't, you might as well quit." Yet in a game against Cincinnati this year, Callison came up in the ninth inning with one out, two on and the Phillies two runs down, and in that all-or-nothing situation, decided to drag a bunt and leave the fate of the team in other hands. Luckily, he fouled the bunt attempt, took a second strike and then bashed a three-run homer to win the game, which to his critics seemed to be what he should have been trying to do all along. "I don't know," Callison says. "I just figured that the next batter had a better chance against a left-handed pitcher than I did."

Callison is touchy about his batting average and goes to great pains to avoid finding out what it is. "I know it sounds silly," he says with utter seriousness, "but every time I've ever looked at my average, it's gone down afterwards. I used to check it out. Two or three days later I wouldn't be hitting nothing. When I read the papers now, I check on my hits, my RBIs and my home runs, but I cover up the column that shows my average. I go into Cincinnati and Houston and they have your average up on the scoreboard. I look at the ground. I look at the crowd. I look around. I look anywhere but that scoreboard."

Callison's average, it can be reported without damage, is high enough to guarantee him employment next year, and, as usual, he is among the league's leaders in assists. But if the Phillies are to win the pennant, some of his teammates are going to have to start hitting, too. As former White Sox manager Hank Greenberg said the other day, "I picked the Phillies to win the pennant, but Callison and Richie Allen can't carry the team all year." Says the astute Johnny Keane, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals: "They're a heck of a ball club, but if they don't hit, they won't win."

Such assessments bother the Phillies little and Philadelphians not at all. "Sure," said the sandwich man on Market Street as he painstakingly constructed a hoagie, "they're not hitting and they got a sore-arm pitching staff. About the only thing they know how to do is win. But that's the name of the game."

All Philadelphia agrees, and no one would be surprised these days to hear a loud noise coming from atop City Hall. That would be William Penn, joining the other residents of Philadelphia, booing the Phillies on to victory. **END**

WHO'S AFRAID OF AN OLD TROLL?

Not 18-year-old Don Schollander, who soundly defeated Australia's famed veteran Murray Rose and set two world records last week as America's precocious swimmers warmed up for Tokyo **by COLES PHINIZY**

In the world of competitive swimming, even in an ordinary year, the old order gives way to the new at a bewildering, giddy rate. In an Olympic year absolute anarchy prevails. The kings and queens of the sport are beheaded almost before their monarchial status has been recognized by the world at large, and some prodigy who has just traded in his diapers for a tank suit stands dripping on the victory stand instead. Last week, at the National AAU championships in Los Altos Hills, Calif., the inevitable caught up with Australia's famed Murray Rose. The axman, in this case, was a blond, muscular 18-year-old out of California named Don Schollander.

Schollander is not a real prodigy, of course, having passed that stage several record-wrecking seasons ago, and Rose, at 25, is fast approaching the age when even Johnny Weissmuller was racing against crocodiles instead of men. But their duels, at 400 and 200 meters, were the highlights of a meet where nine world records were displaced, and the man who claimed two of them was Schollander.

To judge the two swimmers by the cold hand of the stopwatch, Schollander was the slight favorite on Friday in the 400 meters, but this is Rose's best distance and it is generally conceded by experts who have watched him over the years that his masterful tactics are worth a second or two in any race. In the eight years since he won his first three Olympic gold medals at Melbourne, Rose has often disappeared from the scene. He keeps reappearing quietly, though, emerging from the smog of Los Angeles or from the shadows of the Sydney Harbour Bridge—a persistent old troll who cannot shake the habit of scaring young swimming champions out of their wits.

But whatever fright Rose had planned for Schollander in the 400 meters last week, he could never get close enough to yell "boo." At the gun Schollander simply took off. Swimming with little regard for Rose—or anyone else—and with complete disregard for the niceties of pace, Schollander covered the first 200 meters in 2:03.3. At the half-way mark he had a five-yard lead. He held it all the way home, hitting the wall in 4:12.7, to take both the race and the world record away from Rose. Rose's time of 4:15.7 was the second fastest of his career. On Saturday, Schollander won again at 200 meters with a new world record of 1:57.6, and this time Murray Rose was fourth. And on the final day, while Rose wisely concentrated on the Schollander-less 1,500 meters, young Don tied the American record of .54 in the 100-meter sprint.

It may be a year or two before Schollander completely

masters his art, but there is no doubt that he is already the finest combination of speed and durability that has ever stepped onto a block. If he decides to gamble across the board in the Olympic trials in New York three weeks from now he could very well end up representing the U.S. in every freestyle event at Tokyo. The principal reasons for his success are the usual ones—hard, honest work in a good racing stable, the Santa Clara Swim Club, under a good coach, George Haines. Quite beyond the obvious, Schollander has a few intangibles working for him. His mother, Martha Schollander, was, in her formative years, a swimming nut. In the old *Tarzan* movies that are still shown on television it is not Maureen O'Sullivan, but her stunt double, Martha Schollander, who is seen cavorting around in the water with Johnny Weissmuller.

From his father's line, Don Schollander apparently has inherited the stubbornness to persist against odds. Schollander and his father and his grandfather have all proved to be fairly tough men, but Great-grandfather Alfred Schollander, a Swedish immigrant to North Dakota, was the absolute most. At the age of 90 Great-grandfather Schollander fell and broke a leg. After recovering from that, he was badly roughed up by a train that ran into him while he was walking across the track. A few years later he spent a whole night wandering around outdoors, lost in a blizzard. Great-grandfather Schollander was taken away by the Lord to a gentler land only a year and a half ago. He was 107.

Three years ago, while there were three older generations still alive to cheer him on, Don Schollander began cutting his way through the top ranks of swimming as a high school sophomore. As might be expected, before his graduation this June two dozen colleges let him know that they would like him to use their swimming pool for the next four years. In the West and Midwest there was great mourning when Schollander picked Yale, an eastern institution of higher swimming that has of late become a very popular waterhole for Westerners.

Since the quadrennial Olympics coincide rather neatly with his academic schedule, Schollander probably will try out four years hence for the Olympic team once again, before going on to medical school. If he does, and if he improves at a reasonable rate, he will become the best American male swimmer since Weissmuller to play a dominant part in two Olympic Games. Having Schollander around for four more years is a cheerful prospect for America.

Whether or not Murray Rose is still a cheerful prospect for Australia remains to be seen. On Sunday he gamed

some measure of revenge against another young California world record holder, Roy Saari, at 1,500 meters. With the orderly control and precision that have long been his trademarks, Rose won the race in 17:50.8, recapturing a world record he had not owned in eight years. The time was almost a minute better than he needed for an Olympic gold medal eight years ago at Melbourne. But Saari was carrying an entire water polo team on his back—he has spent the summer helping to beef up the El Segundo team coached by his father and of which his 16-year-old brother is a member, in hopes that it might qualify for Tokyo—and, besides, because he did not bother to return home for the national championships last winter, the Australians may not even let Rose swim in the 1964 Olympics. About all that Murray Rose really proved is something swimmers have known all along: that for skill and determination and longevity, this may be the finest champion the sport has ever known.

If Rose was disappointed by his finishes in the earlier races last week, he was not the only saddened veteran. The first event, the women's 1,500-meter freestyle, was won by Patty Caretto, a 13-year-old only slightly larger and less bashful than Minnie Mouse. Using a fast, water-clapping stroke and swimming as if exhaustion were impossible, little Miss Caretto knocked 13½ seconds off the world record, lowering it to 18:30.5, and in the process she left behind her not only Sharon Finneran, who, by and large, is the toughest distance-swimming lady active today, but also Ginne Duenkel, the defending champion, and Carolyn House, the world record holder.

Before his 1,500-meter attempt, Saari tried the 400-meter individual medley, an event he would normally be favored to win even under the most discouraging circumstances. As a matter of fact, he bettered the existing world record, swimming the first 200 meters like a man possessed—and the last 50 meters as if that water polo team were hanging on his ankles. With the wholesome disregard that all teen-agers have for world record holders, 16-year-old Dick Roth swam right past Saari to lower the old world medley record to 4:48.6.

One ancient veteran of 17 who should be investigated—perhaps by the Attorney General's office—is Donna de Varona of the Santa Clara Swim Club, who does not fit Bobby Kennedy's lament for America's "athletic dropouts" (SI, July 27) one bit. While many girls began competitive swimming at 7, Miss de Varona frittered away the first nine years of her life. She never competed in a national championship until she was 12, although she has since had what you might call a fair streak of luck. She made the Olympic team at 13. At one time or another she has held four world records. She has competed 44 times in quest of national titles and has won 18, including 200- and 400-meter medleys last week. If she does well in the Olympic trials, she could win anywhere from one to four gold medals at Tokyo.

It would seem that if the U.S. can keep such ancients as de Varona and Schollander in competition until they reach 20 or 22, our swimming program may not be ready to gurgie and go under just yet.

END

Record-shattering 400-meter performance on second day put young Schollander in mood for Tokyo sprint victory in AAU swim meet.





JAMES ORRIS

BEEF, BONES AND HERSHEY BARS

Which is tougher: Pennsylvania football or Texas football? No one knew for sure until last week when Penn high school all-stars bonked Texas 19-8 in an extraordinary bone bruiser in Hershey, Pa. **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Hershey, Pa. is sweet on sports. It is the home of the chocolate bar, the streetlights are shaped like candy kisses and the jumpiest place in town is the Cocoa Inn on Chocolate Avenue. Hershey, with a population of 6,000, is also the home of the Hershey Bears (originally called the B'ars) of the American Hockey League. In the last seven years more than two million persons have crunched into the Hershey Sports Arena (7,200 capacity) to see the Bears. Last week Hershey staged its finest sports event ever, a dream football game between all-star high school graduates from Pennsylvania and Texas.

For years Pennsylvania has crowed that its coal mines and steel mills produce the best players in the country, and



With Texas bodies littering the field, Pennsylvania's Roger Grimes skirts and for short gain.

for years Texas has responded with rude noises suggestive of raspberries. On Saturday night the two states bucked heads before a standing-room-only crowd of 23,251 in Hershey Stadium. When it was over, Pennsylvania muscle and conditioning had benten Texas brown and speed 12-6 in a melee as exhilarating as anything since Frankenstein met The Wolf Man. The teams played as though they were fighting over a bone instead of a ball. But while the game was bruising, it was brilliant. It was never three yards and a cloud of dust. It was three yards and a mushroom cloud. And the next minute it was a 50-yard pass. "The game," said Doak Walker, assistant to Texas Coach Bobby Layne, "was one of the best I've ever seen." There were those in

Hershey who would quarrel with him. They thought it was *the* best. It had everything, plus a spirit of fight and razzmatazz that only the athletes from these two primitive states could bring to a bloodletting.

The Pennsylvania-Texas game is the invention of Al Clark, executive sports editor of the Harrisburg *Patriot-News* and president of the Big 33, the charitable association sponsoring the game. Back in 1958 Clark had 45 sportswriters throughout Pennsylvania pick the best 33 players in the state. This Big 33 team then played the best 25 players of the 66 in the annual All American High School Game. Pennsylvania won 6-0 and followed that the next year with an 18-0 win over a team led by Terry Baker, the

1962 Heisman Trophy winner. The all-stars tied 0-0 in 1960 before the NCAA, in a move to stop fly-by-night promotions elsewhere, put an end to the game. In 1961 the Pennsylvania players, divided into east and west teams, had nobody to play hut themselves. Last fall Clark learned that two states could play one another as long as they were not adjoining. He got in touch with Fred Cervelli, sports editor of the Orange, Texas, *Leader* and proposed the match. Cervelli started to round up 33 boys. Governor William Scranton bet Texas Governor John Connally two lumps of coal (one hard, the other soft) and a miner's helmet. Connally countered by betting a pair of spurs "to better enable you to ride your presidential dark horse." The Pennsylvania Department of Commerce inserted inflammatory ads in Texas papers that made mention of Billy Sol Estes, the fact that Pennsylvania had trees ("Mountains even") and that the state's players were the "meanest men alive" and would mess up any Texans who came north to Hershey.

Several days before the game the Cocoa Inn and the rest of Hershey began to fill up with college coaches and scouts from across the country. Many of the coaches were in town solely to protect their boys, all but one of whom had already signed letters of intent. Rap Eagle of Penn State was particularly worried, since six of the Pennsylvania players were scheduled to enroll at State. He flew back from a clinic in Viet Nam ominously bearing a blowgun. Even so, a few of the coaches scuttled around to see what they could rustle.

What the coaches were most interested in were the players with necks like oak stumps. Such players are called studs. A prime Pennsylvania stud has no neck at all; it has sunk in somewhere around his stomach. "A stud," explained Joe Shummock, a Johnstown high school coach who was helping ex-Cornell Coach Lefty James with the Penn team, "is a male animal. The studs get strong from buckin' rivets in the mills or with a pick and shovel digging graves. Pennsylvania football is desire. They don't need a bull. Just blow the whistle and they start rockin'." They just want to go out there and

(continued)



While all-stars look on, Texas Coach Bobby Layne is welcomed during a parade in Harrisburg.



Also looking on are these beaming young ladies, obviously happy at the sight of 66 players.

PENN-TEXAS *continued*

hit somebody." Most studs are linemen, Shumock said, but "when we see a back who's built, we just say he's bee-yoo-ti-full."

Pennsylvania high school teams disdain nicknames like Bantams or Lions as too specified. Instead, they have hard, atavistic names like Crushers and Steam-rollers. Demons and Marauders are about as fey as names get. Shumock just drooled over the Pennsylvania squad. "If I could take those boys with me, I'd start my own university," he said. "Keystone University. I'd love that. We'd play anybody."

Texas football players are supposed to be lean, rangy and fast. Well, there may have been one or two lean Texans, but most of them were big ol' studs, too.

The studs along the Pennsylvania offensive line totaled 1,480 pounds, but the Texans outweighed them. According to one story, a number of the Texans—including Wilmer Cooks, a bee-yoo-ti-full, 210-pound fullback with legs like braided cables—had to wear their practice pants for the game because they could not get their calves through their all-star pants.

Temperamentally, the Texans lived up to their reputation, whooping and hollering at everyone ("even at ugly girls," said a puzzled Pennsylvanian) and parading around with a Lone Star flag. The Pennsylvania players did not resort to the Rebel yell—"We'll show them how we feel on the field," said Fullback Bill (the Tank) Rettig—but they did retaliate somewhat by stealing the Texas flag. The culprit was believed to be Terry

O'Toole, a menacingly squat guard who spent much of Saturday night sitting on chests in the Texas backfield.

Wherever you looked in Hershey there was beef on the hoof. The pro football Eagles were in town training, and one experienced sports photographer sent out to shoot them started following the Pennsylvania squad around by mistake. In the milling crowd around the Cocoa were some superb "ridge heads," beehemoth with bells of muscle that rippled across the backs of their heads. It was as though all the gods in German mythology had assembled for one final beer bust.

On Saturday night state police were out by the battalion directing traffic as spectators poured in for the fun. Texas received, and as the kick tumbled end over end down the field, the stands shuddered with cries of "Hit 'em!" It was rough and tough but clean. There was no talking between the teams except for compliments. "I hit their big end good three times with my forearm," said Rettig the Tank. "and he said, 'Good blocking.'" Rettig himself stood in awe of one Texan who barreled into his chest. "I can feel it now," Rettig said later, caressing the laceration.

Texas dominated opening play. With Wilmer Cooks carrying, Texas drove to a first down on the five. Cooks drove to the one, but then O'Toole threw him for a three-yard loss. A pass on fourth down was incomplete as Pennsylvania stormed in. The crowd, aware that in the three previous all-star games no team was able to carry the ball across the Pennsylvania goal line, went delirious. An outsider might have thought a war had ended—which, come to think of it, may have been the case. Three times during the game the Texans drove to first downs inside the six, and three times Pennsylvania stopped them from ramming the ball across. Late in the second quarter, Texas had a first down on the four. By fourth down, Texas was eight yards out, and Jimmy Russell came in to kick a field goal for the only score of the first half.

During the half, Lefty James simplified plays on the blackboard and told Bob Bazylak, a slender quarterback bound for Pitt, that victory was up to him. James, who had shuttled players in and out of the game during the first half to wear down the Texans, told Bazylak to wear them down even more by running the ends, plunging up the middle and throwing short passes.

continued

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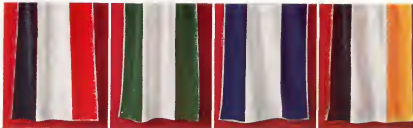
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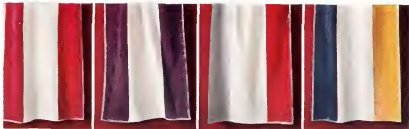
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The strategy worked. Within 92 seconds after the second half started, Bazy-lak passed 17 yards to Bob Longo, a huge end, and Longo ran 45 yards for a touchdown, going first around and then through the Texas secondary. Bobby Layne used a new quarterback, Al Fierro, slated for Nebraska, and Fierro kept going for the bomb. He led Texas right down to the two-yard line, but then that Pennsylvania line, playing a gap defense, held again, and Russell came in to kick his second field goal, tying the score at 6-6.

Five and a half minutes from the end, the big break came. Ken Hebert, a superb punter for Texas, sent a high kick down the field. Ben Gregory grabbed it on the 20 and, according to plan, took two steps to his right, where, not according to plan, he bumped into a Texas tackler. Startled, Gregory quickly got back on plan by slipping away and cutting to the left sideline, where the alert Penn players had formed a protective wall. He shot up this alley of muscle as his teammates bowled over the pursuing Texans, who were laid out one by one, bonk, bonk, bonk, bonk, like a stack of fallen dominoes. Gregory scored, to make it 12-6.

But Texans die proudly, and there are probably some frightened Pennsylvanians who are not convinced yet that the Texans have quit fighting. With 31 seconds left, Fierro, who gained 241 yards passing in the second half, took over on the Texas 33. Everyone in the stands could see 13-12 in his mind's eye, and Fierro was not out to disappoint anybody. He completed two passes, but the receivers could not shake away, and the game ended to shouts of joy.

In the locker room the Pennsylvanians praised the Texans, but they knew for sure who had won. "They shouted a lot before the game," said Reitag. "We just took it easy and said we'd show 'em. We did. You can say a lot but what counts is what you do a lot." Perhaps the finest compliment came with three minutes to go when it was still anybody's game. The P.A. announcer asked the crowd, "Would you like a rematch with Texas next year?" There was a roar of approval. In the press box Al Clark chuckled. "Why," he said, "I believe they would." And why not? The Pennsylvania-Texas football game gives all the promise of becoming one of the great rivalries in sports.

END



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1/20/1998

Houston's Big New Bubble



When this \$32 million sports stadium opens next April its Houston spectators will be snug as weevils in a cotton boll. Beneath the futuristic cream-colored plastic dome, on whose 4,796 separate panes the final touches were being put last week, the weather will be forever clement, for

this is the nation's first air-conditioned, completely-roofed stadium. The home of the Colt .45s and the Oilers, it will seat 46,000 for baseball, 55,000 for football and 66,000 for boxing. Supersnug 30-place suites with bar, bath, television and radio will go to firms anteing up \$18,000 a year.

A Month of Bull's-eyes and Maggie's Drawers

Bearing arms and ammu-

nition, an army of 8,000 shooters will shred row on row of targets this month in the National Rifle and Pistol Matches at Camp Perry on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie. Before the barrage lifts, civilians, servicemen and law-enforcement officers from 50 states, some of them Master and Expert marksmen and not a few of them novices, will squeeze off millions of rounds at targets from 50 feet to 1,000 yards away. Despite the August swelter, heat mirages that make targets shimmer and an occasional "Maggie's drawers" (a missed target indicated by a waved red flag), bullet after bullet thunks into the bull's-eyes. No less amazing is the 2,900-man armed-forces team that, with the help of the National Rifle Association, runs the matches and the Small Arms Firing School (opposite). Dissatisfied with poor American marksmanship in the Spanish-American War, Teddy Roosevelt moved Congress to establish the national matches in 1903. Teddy would grin broadly if he could watch the modern marksmen—and the women and youngsters—at Camp Perry.

PAINTINGS BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

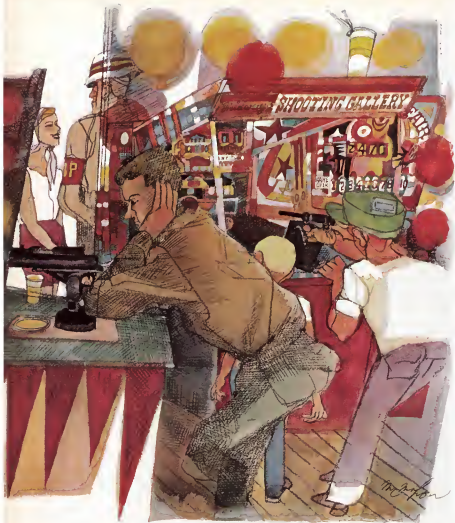








Facing north, away from the sun and toward Lake Erie, small-bore shooters fire 22-caliber rifles at 50-yard targets in an "any night" match (only the bottom two bull's-eyes count). This event calls for 10 shots from each of the four positions—prone, standing, sitting and kneeling. Eligible for the national matches since 1916, civilians consider the small-bore events the most prestigious at Perry matches.



Shooters who can't hit the bull's-eyes on the outdoor ranges can improve their aim in a shooting gallery adjoining the PX building, which offers items for "health and welfare"—milk shakes, jukeboxes and handsome MPs.

Perked up with pretty shooters and colorful team flags, Camp Perry's GI-style mess dishes out three meals a day. The Army also provides, at bargain rates, cots, bedding and housing for the contestants and their families.





Chi Chi Rodriguez is two persons—the brash song-and-dance man who delights galleries (and annoys fellow pros) with his japes off the tee and his jigs on the green, and the quiet son of poverty who broods over good and bad, is hypersensitive to criticism and, out of the spotlight, is something of a loner

by DAN JENKINS

LITTLE CHI CHI'S OTHER SIDE

Golfers who were raised on the back-story shaft like to recall, perhaps with more fondness than they felt at the time, the fun-loving days of Walter Hagen when he wore his knuckers backwards or teed off in a tuxedo at Minkahda or Skokie or wherever. They are convinced that true color went out of the game when Hagen did. The dip into the gray seas of conformity, they admit, was not abrupt. There were the individualists of the late '30s and early '40s: straw-hatted Sam Snead with the picture swing; Ben Hogan, the grim little man who stared icily at anything that stirred behind the ropes; Jug McSpaden in sun goggles; Jimmy Demaret dressed in colors so loud they swore at the greens; Ralph Guldahl, combing his hair between

shots; and Horton Smith, sinking putts right and left and—horror—admitting that he could sink them. But by the late 1950s the transformation was, in the eyes of the old fun-lovers, complete. The PGA tour had silently become a sort of postgraduate school for effete, college-exposed players who dressed alike (shirts decorated with a crocodile, baseball-type cap), talked alike ("Yep," "Nope"), considered fifth place as good as winning and the most exciting incident in any week was Arnold Palmer's shirttail coming out.

If this version of progressively automated golf was true several years ago, it is, happily, less accurate today. Despite the big-money-every-week tour of the '60s, strong personalities are beginning

to emerge, and some of them are certain to create legends every bit as heady as those of the past. Like a torrent of spilled oils on a canvas, the recent campaigns have produced a whole new cast of characters that rival any before them for color and excitement. Among these players are Tony Lema, who toasts the press with magnums of Meot; Gary Player, the warbling South African who doubles in the twist; Ken Venturi, who has come back theatrically from Uter Despair, and, most recently (and indelicately and controversially), Juan (Chi Chi) Rodriguez, 120 pounds of trouble.

"Golf has changed," said Ben Hogan recently. "I see pictures in the papers today of players throwing their hands in the air, the putter sailing above them

on the green. They look like they've been shot in the back by an arrow. No one ever did that when I was playing regularly on the tour. It used to be there were only golf fans at the tournaments. Now there are sports fans, thousands and thousands of them. And they encourage the players to be more outgoing. That's one reason at least why you've got a Chi Chi Rodriguez."

This may be the era of the Big Three, of Arnie's Army (not so uncolorful itself), the Golden Bear and Champagne Tony, but this has been the year of Chi Chi's Bandidos, of beans and rice, of dances on the greens and straw hats in the winds. The only serious question of the year seems to be whether golf has Chi Chi or Chi Chi has golf. His Bandidos sometimes outnumber Arnie's Army, his tee shots sometimes outdistance Jack Nicklaus' and his flamboyant manner and rapport with the fans have left hundreds not caring whether Tony sticks to champagne or switches to home brew. As the most controversial player in professional golf today, as well as one of the best, it matters not whether Chi Chi Rodriguez is an odd legacy from a spectacular era or a spectacular mutation of a new one. What does matter is that he is, in fact, two people, both of them well worth knowing.

The Chi Chi Rodriguez on the golf course is the only one that people really see. This Chi Chi Rodriguez is the tiny Puerto Rican with the jaunty, small-brimmed straw hat, sunglasses, cigarette and dark skin who labors to make the gallery love him. He is the player who flails into a tee shot, zooms the ball beyond larger men and then turns to the crowd and winks, "Not bad for a little man, eh?" He is the player who responds to the wild applause rising from the fringes of the greens by waving his hat and holding up both hands like a campaigning politician. He is the player who throws his hat over the cup after a putt has fallen and dances around it, almost as if the outcries of "Ole" from his Bandidos in the throng have commanded the performance. He is also the player who can hit a poor shot into a pond and react, at least outwardly, just as entertainingly, assuring his approving followers, "Easy bogey now if Chi Chi can get the next one in the hole." And they giggle appreciatively.

Says this Chi Chi Rodriguez, "I've got plenty of good jokes for the crowd

I tell them I can't decide if I look like Brando or Newman. They like that." They just like Chi Chi.

At the PGA in Columbus, Ohio last month, Chi Chi explained to a cluster of his admirers as he wanted to hit his next shot that he was a "hot-dog pro." Said Chi Chi, "You know what a hot-dog pro is? That's when somebody in the gallery looks at his putting sheet and says here comes Joe Bologna, Sam Sausage and Chi Chi Rodriguez. Let's go get a hot dog." Big giggle, resounding applause.

This is a Chi Chi Rodriguez who can promote a laugh even when he studies a troublesome shot. "These pros," Chi Chi told some Bandidos in Columbus, "they write these books and tell you 100 ways to play this shot. But Chi Chi knows there's just four ways. You can hit it high, low, hook or slice. That's all." He thereupon hits a low hook and is out of trouble.

If this Chi Chi Rodriguez were a mere jokester who did nothing more, his dedicated followers would scarcely outnumber the gallery at a ladies' weekly blind-bogey tournament in Provo, Utah. But Chi Chi has played well enough in 1964 to rank ninth on the money-winning list with \$35,610, to have won two tournaments (Denver and San Francisco)

in the last 11 months, to have barely missed winning three other tournaments this year, to have written a popular pamphlet called *Chi-Chi's Golf Secret* that sells for \$2 and attempts to tell how to get more distance from your shots, and to have become the No. 1 irritant to his fellow pros.

"Personally, I like him," says Arnold Palmer, "but I think a little of his clowning around goes a long way."

Says Jack Nicklaus, "You've certainly got to respect Chi Chi's ability. For a little man he can sure hit it. He hits a low, boring kind of ball that gets past me on a lot of flat, hard, into-the-wind fairways. I do think his cutting up has a tendency to bother some of the players who have trouble concentrating, but I realize we need Chi Chi's kind of color in the game."

"I'm one of the ones he bothers," says Johnny Pott, frankly. "I'd just rather not be paired with him."

Bob Rosburg, who has an undeserved reputation as one of the tour's notable grumps, had a showdown with Chi Chi at this year's Whitemarsh Open in Philadelphia. The subject was dancing.

"It was nothing," said Rosburg. "We just had a little talk. Chi Chi doesn't bother anyone intentionally. But when you throw down your hat and dance on

continued



TRAVELING ALONE AS USUAL, CHI CHI TOTES BAGS THROUGH OBSESSSED TERMINAL

the greens, you leave spike marks for guys who haven't putted yet."

Says Dave Marr, "I've got tremendous respect for him. A lot of us came from no money, but Chi Chi really came up the hard way. Still, I don't approve of his actions, and I'd just rather not be paired with him."

Detached from the clowning, Chi Chi's game draws nothing but praise from his contemporaries.

"He has a way of getting everything into a shot," says Mason Rudolph. "When he turns that 'secret' loose, he's getting his whole body into the ball, left side, right side, all of it."

"Of course," says Ernie Vossler, "one drawback to his style is that he's got to let one go every now and then, and it costs him. You can't dance mach with those 78s."

No one agrees more than Chi Chi.

"I still don't know how to win," he says. "In San Antonio this spring I hit the wrong club on the last hole, missed the green by a few inches and lost the tournament by one shot. In New Orleans I hit out of bounds twice in the last round and lost by one shot. In Houston I three-putted three of the last five holes and lost by two. And the only reason I won in San Francisco is because I didn't know I was going to win."

Nor does anyone take the criticism of his fellow pros quite as hard as Chi Chi does. It can make him, all at the same time, sad, lonely and despondent. Sometimes it makes him want to quit the tour and go home to Puerto Rico. And sometimes it makes him become the Chi Chi Rodriguez that no one knows. Perhaps the real one.

When a round of tournament golf is ended, the Chi Chi few people ever see takes over. While the other players go directly to the locker or the grill to replay the round, eat, drink and relax, Chi Chi disappears.

"There are always three places where I can find him," says Doc Griffin, the PGA's traveling press secretary. "He'll be sitting off in a lonely part of the clubhouse grounds, talking to kids. Or he'll be watching television in his motel room. He'll watch anything. *Popeye*, anything. Or he'll be gone to some other sports event with Ken Stoll."

"Ken Stoll," said Chi Chi last month as he sat in his room at Columbus in the Howard Johnson's East Motel and watched *Popeye*, "is the best friend I got. You never heard of him, but he's a great player from Tacoma who hasn't won much. We travel a lot together. He even follows me when he isn't playing. A good friend. He's a great sports fan. He's for

the Dodgers and I'm for the Giants, and we really have fun."

Fun, says Chi Chi, is two things, neither of them pertaining to golf. One thing is seeing the San Francisco Giants win a baseball game in which another good friend, Orlando Cepeda, hits three home runs. The other is watching a good western movie.

"Boy, I like to see the good guys get the bad guys and take care of them," says Chi Chi. "That John Wayne, he can sure take care of those bad guys. The best movie ever made was *The Man Who Shot Liberty Bells*. I really like that movie. If I wasn't a pro golfer, the thing I would most like to be is an FBI man so I could catch those bad guys."

"Bad guys," Chi Chi says, "make the world bad for kids, and I love kids because I was never a kid. I was too poor to be a kid."

The place where Chi Chi was not a kid was San Juan, P.R., where he grew up with two brothers and three sisters and three nephews, all in the same house, and where they sometimes were hungry because Chi Chi's father worked all of his life on a plantation for 40¢ a day. It was where Chi Chi taught himself to play golf by making clubs out of the limbs of guava trees and by making golf balls out of hammered tin cans. "You could hit that tin can 100 yards if you were good," says Chi Chi.

Chi Chi, of course, became very good, and in the process developed his secret for hitting the ball into the next county thereby defying all existing theories concerning size and distance. As he outlines the secret in his pamphlet, it is simplicity itself. There are really only two elements to it: a kind of Berlin Wall against the left side and a change of heart in the downswing. Imagine a wall, imagine your left shoulder planted firmly against it, your hip, too, and as much of your leg as you can get into a straight up-and-down left side. That is the Rodriguez stance. On his drives, once he has reached his backswing from that position, Chi Chi hesitates, then starts his downswing with a forceful pull of his left hand only. At about halfway down, he quickly reverses his thinking so that his entire concern now is with the drive he can get with his right shoulder. He whips the shoulder as hard and fast as possible into the shot and follows through. The wrists remain cocked until the change from left to right, then they snap the way Henry

—a writer of



WINDUP OF HIS OWN YOUTH, CHI CHI SPENDS HOURS TEACHING GOLF TO POOR KIDS



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Aaron's do whacking a baseball, and Chi Chi gets every ounce of his 120 pounds into the swing at the place it counts most—contact with the ball.

The analogy with baseball, not always a good idea where golf is concerned, seems particularly apt in the case of Juan Rodriguez. Chi Chi got his nickname in San Juan because he idolized a baseball player named Chi Cha Flores, who

played for Ponce in the Winter League. It was in San Juan that he gave some thought to trying to be a pitcher, then a boxer, anything that would help him earn money. There, too, a "rich man" gave him his first pair of golf shoes, size 14, about five sizes too large, but he wore them. And it was in San Juan that he joined the Army at 19 so he could help support the household.

"People laugh at Chi Chi for joining the Army to make money, but it was more than I could make caddying at Dorado Beach," he said. "I made \$72 a month in the Army, and I always sent \$50 home to my family from Fort Sill. I had one luxury, the \$6 a month I paid to be a member of the Fort Sill Country Club so I could try to become a golfer. Listen, I know what it was like to be poor, and the money I made in the Army seemed like all the money in the world to me then."

When Chi Chi got out of the Army he returned to San Juan and began learning more about golf from Pete Cooper and the late Ed Dudley. "They got me out of the interlocking grip and helped me refine my game," Chi Chi became a tourist attraction for the wealthy Americans who visited Dorado Beach—the little Puerto Rican who could drive so far. Games were arranged with the rich men so Chi Chi could win, which was usually no trouble for him, anyhow. Accustomed to these arrangements, Chi Chi got a harsh reminder one day that life was still not completely a bowl of suckers. He was playing in a game with three Americans, one of them a deceptively good low-handicap player from Pittsburgh, a smiling, bespectacled man in his 50s named Patrick J. McDonough. McDonough took his golf seriously, as evidenced by his memberships in the Field Club in Pittsburgh, New Jersey's famous Pine Valley and the Thunderbird in Palm Springs. Chi Chi and McDonough were playing a \$5 Nassau with the usual prestes, and McDonough kept making pars and birdies. Finally, on the 17th, just when Chi Chi thought he would square the match with a short birdie putt, McDonough holed out with a chip shot and won the money.

"This is a very bad game," said the Puerto Rican, obviously crushed. "Chi Chi is not supposed to lose to an old, baldheaded man."

The story is a favorite around Dorado Beach, and Chi Chi and McDonough consider themselves good friends today. Chi Chi, in fact, has a lot of friends at Dorado Beach, and the club is one reason he is on the tour.

"They give me \$12,000 a year for expenses," says Chi Chi, "and I pay them the first \$6,000 I make in prize money."

Most of the rest of Chi Chi's money goes into the bank. He has built a new house in San Juan for the family he

continued

CHI CHI VISITS GRAVE HE BOUGHT FOR PLEASANT FATHER IN UPPER-CLASS CEMETERY



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CNI CNI continued

supports—"nice bedrooms, a good yard where I can grow pretty things and a nice kitchen where my sisters can cook beans and rice"—and he has bought a Cadillac. "Not to show off," he says. "Only because I need a good car to drive to as many tournaments as I can because I hate to fly, and because I can sell it for what I paid."

Airplanes, Chi Chi firmly believes, are going to kill him eventually. They have almost driven him from the tour. "I know that airplanes got no business in the air and that all of them are going to fall down. I've hit air pockets and dropped 6,000 feet, and I've flown on only one engine when the others went out. Boy, I hate flying. I wish I could drive to every tournament so the airplanes wouldn't kill me sooner or later. But the good thing is that I got lots of insurance for my family, and they won't ever have to go hungry when the airplanes kill me."

But if there is anything that bothers Chi Chi more than airplanes, it is the disapproval of his fellow pros.

"It makes me sad," said Chi Chi the other day, sadly. "It makes me want to hide in my room and watch television and do nothing but sleep and go home. It makes me miss beans and rice, which is the best thing to eat in the whole world the way my sister fixes them. She puts about 25 different things in the beans, and that's what makes them good. I've never tried to bother anybody. All I want to do is tell the little girls how pretty they are and tell the little boys to play golf and be happy. I want the fans and the pros to like me. I enjoy playing with all of the boys, even some players that a lot of them have said they don't like to be paired with. Like Cary Middlecoff, who plays slow. He bothers some players. But he doesn't bother me. I think a man ought to play fast, but I'd rather be paired with Middlecoff than anybody because he tries so hard on every shot. I admire that. He makes me try harder. And the way you make a success on the tour is by not giving up."

Says Chi Chi, "If I can't stop bothering everybody, by being the way I am, then I'm just going to quit and go home and teach all the kids in Puerto Rico how not to be poor. That would be a good life, too."

There would seem to be few teachers, give or take a dance across a green, more capable.

END

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ARTISTRY IN A BULLRING IS NOT ENOUGH

Technically the most accomplished of matadors, graceful Paco Camino faces a new kind of rival: inelegant but brave El Cordobés, who lacks art but is making history by PAUL EVAN RESS

Two years ago there was no question about it: Paco Camino was known, recognized and almost venerated as the most artistic young bullfighter in Spain. He was then only 22 years old and his mastery of the art, his technical proficiency, was increasing. There seemed to be no reason why Paco Camino could not go on to more elegant performances as long as he lived and in so doing rise to popular favor as great as any matador's.

In the photograph at left, Paco Camino is shown in the arena at Málaga in one of the classical series of *pases de castigo*, or punishing passes, of the sort that exemplifies his effortless mastery. The matador is not necessarily taking undue risk, or working close to the bull, in this pass; he is readying the bull for the kill, and the particular pass in the series shown here is known as *cambaléo por bajo*, in which the bull is made to turn sharply and pass on the side opposite the hand in which the matador holds the muleta. "Paco Camino is the greatest *torero* of the past 20 years," said Antonio Díaz-Canabate, one of Spain's foremost authorities, writing in Madrid's influential newspaper, the *ABC*. "He leads the bull with the muleta where the bull does not want to go. That is the most difficult thing in the art of bullfighting, because it involves the total domination of man over beast." And a well-known Barcelona critic, José María Hernández, wrote of Camino, "He does everything to perfection. He has an indefinable magic. People will remember Camino, like Manolete, not for any one pass or quality, but for his general art and technique."

But there was a flaw in this vision of the future. It did not occur to professional bullfight critics that a time was coming when crowds would want something more than professional artistry, something wild, inelegant, tumultuous, crude, dangerous. It did not occur to bullfight promoters

that a new sort of matador might come along whose great crowd appeal was that he did not possess the qualities that make Paco Camino great. Now one has appeared, and this summer, during fiesta week in Burgos, he was startlingly contrasted to Camino.

On a cool Sunday the Plaza de Toros was packed to its ochre-and-red-tile roof. A 1,050-pound bull trotted into the arena, and Camino, a fragile-looking figure in a lavender-and-gold suit of lights, opened the traditional ritual when he walked gracefully out to meet the animal. With his cape he executed four *verónicas* and a *media verónica* faultlessly. Then a picador weakened what was obviously an inherently weak bull. "That's no bull, it's a goat!" somebody yelled. Discontented with the muleta passes of Spain's most artistic matador, others shouted insults, such as "su vergüenza!" and "¡chulo wíndor!" These may be roughly translated as meaning bastard and pomp. Complaining of Camino's discreet distance from the bull, some spectators began to shout for Manuel Benítez, known as El Cordobés, the only rival of Camino for the title of *wómoro mo* and his opposite an almost every respect. The cry rose rhythmically: "Cor-do-bés! Cor-do-bés!"

Twenty-four hours later, same place, same spectators, different bullfighter: El Cordobés. Into the arena strode a solidly built matador with light-brown hair that fell adolescently over his forehead. He made a few ineffectual passes with his cape. Impatiently he waited for the picadors to bleed the bull twice, and for the *banderilleros* to plant their darts. Then he advanced with the red woolen muleta, and stood straight and motionless as the bull thundered by, inches from his thigh and groin. More than a dozen times he whirled the bull past him in a series of *naturales* and *minimolinos*, and the tension rose higher as he sank to his knees, right in front of the bull's horns, and taunted the beast to charge. A protesting voice called out, "Stop playing the clown—do something classic!" But there was nothing classic about El Cordobés' manner of killing. He required four *estocadas* and many *descabellos* to dispatch the bull. The skill of Camino with the sword at the moment of truth is one thing for which the experts cannot praise him highly enough, and now the cry rose rhythmically, "Ca-mi-no! Ca-mi-no!"

A Spanish saying has it that only in death do Spaniards find unanimity, and more than 31 million living Spaniards are certainly a long way from agreement about who is the greatest *torero* today. If only aficionados cast ballots, Paco Camino would be re-elected *wómoro mo*. If all Spain were counted, El Cordobés would come in first. But that does not mean that all bleacherites worship El Cordobés, or that all critics look down their noses at him. It is not as simple as that.

In this conflict Paco Camino stands for the traditional excellences which up to now have won matadors both critical acclaim and popular esteem. Paco was born in the village of Camas, only two miles from Seville, in 1940. His father was a baker who abandoned his ovens and tried his

WISE CHILD OF BULLFIGHTING is the pet name of Spain's great Paco Camino, shown here in a demonstration of his skill and balance

continued

hand unsuccessfully as a *novillero* and *banderillero*. As he had five children, the household was a poor one, and when Pico expressed the dangerous desire to become a matador the family was overjoyed. He was but 11 when he faced his first bull. "The sensation then was not much different from how I feel in front of a bull today," he says. "With a cute bull, everything is simple and easy. A bad bull gives me a most disagreeable sensation."

Ended with a natural grace, he went from one village to another, collecting ears and tails. The arenas consisted of a circle of farm carts. "I was mud about bullfighting in those days," Pico says. "Once, when I was 14, I spent three days in jail in Jerez de la Frontera for traveling on a train to a cape without a ticket."

At 17 he was fighting as a *novillero* in backwoods arenas, renting his *torero's* costume for \$8 or \$10. He did not pay any more if he returned it ripped here and there, because he was considered to have already paid for it with his blood.

He looked like a small boy, with great dark eyes, gentle manners and quiet speech. He became a full-fledged matador in 1960, at the age of 19, and while his superb style (and particularly his masterful *cinchon*) enchanted aficionados, attention just then was concentrated on the highly publicized rivalry of Ordóñez and Domínguez. Soon, however, he was being paid \$10,000 a fight, and since he fought 71 times in 1960, 68 times in 1961 and 71 times in 1962, he was a millionaire at 21. With his managers, *banderilleros*, picadors and others, plus his family, he was also the sole support of some 40 people. He established his father and brothers on a ranch, where they raise cattle and olives and make a good living at it.

The comments on his progress were ecstatic during his first year, often caustic in 1961, generally admiring the year after that, then mounted to almost unprecedented heights of rapturous praise during his Mexican trip (SI, April 15, 1963). He was also gored often, most seriously at Bilbao in 1961, when the femoral artery was severed and he nearly died. In good years or bad, however, it was his artistry that dazzled his admirers. At 18 they said he was as artistic as Ordóñez. His overall command of his art, from the first pass to the end, was what awed them, rather than a single spectacular feat performed

better than anyone else. A *fury* when Camino was at his best was phenomenal, as he savely moved the bull wherever he pleased, making the bull charge and follow the muleta (held directly in front of the horns), first to the right—the *derechazos*—and then to the left—the *izquierdas*. With his left hand brilliantly measuring the charge and the horns never touching the muleta, his *maneo* seemed to last an eternity.

But it was a rare and subtle performance whose qualities were far from obvious. When the great Mexican bullfighter Rodolfo Gaona was asked about Ca-

mino he said, "Nobody can fight with the left hand as Camino does." Casual bullfight spectators could hardly be expected to be thrilled by that. The nearest Camino approached becoming a legend was when he married. At his Mexican debut a 19-year-old beauty, Norma Gaona, was present. The daughter of Dr. Alfonso Gaona, the bullfighter impresario of Plaza Mexico, she had grown up in a world of bullfights and was celebrated for her disdain of bullfighters. "I knew she was the girl of my dreams," Pico was quoted as saying, and public attention was held on both sides of the Atlan-

TYPICAL UNTIDY MOMENT in the arena at Barcelona shows the naturalness and boyish bewilderment which, along with his astounding courage, have made El Cordobés a national hero



tic as the romance flowered. But Dr. Gaona objected to Camino, the young people were separated, and Camino returned sadly to Spain.

There he rallied enough to earn another half a million dollars, and made a down payment on a beautiful house in Madrid, with a spacious garage for his ivory-colored Mercedes and other cars. The deal was subject to Norma's approval if he married her, and if she liked the house, he would buy it. They were married in Mexico City, and there were so many presents—about \$100,000 worth, principally silver—that a room had to be set aside and lined with shelves to hold them.

There was, however, already a small cloud on the horizon of Camino's great success. Critics were writing about a picturesque newcomer who called himself El Cordobés, and although there was no praise for his artistry, at least they were aware of his existence. "El Cordobés is a phenomenon for sociologists and psychiatrists," wrote Antonio Díaz-Caneja. This El Cordobés, soon to become the new national hero of Spain, was born Manuel Benítez in 1936 in Palma del Río on the banks of the Guadalquivir, 25 miles west of Córdoba. The youngest of five children, he was orphaned in the Spanish Civil War, and was brought up by his sister Angela. Unlike Camino, who devoted his youth to fighting bulls, Manuel spent his farming and poaching and bricklaying. On rare occasions he waved a red rag at a bull in a village fiesta to convince himself of his bravery. Not until he was 19 did he encounter a real bull in a real arena.

Relatively late in life for a bullfighter, Manuel Benítez turned *novillero* in 1959, at the age of 24. Three weeks later he was in the hospital, the first of many trips.

Only 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighing 146 pounds, with a mop of light hair, pink cheeks and teeth suitable for a toothpaste advertisement, he continued to look like a teen-ager as he grew older. The purists of bullfighting regarded his increasing popularity as an affront. "Pop bullfighting!" one of them exploded. "It's Elvis Presley playing Hamlet!" His tutor accompanied him everywhere, for he could barely read and write. So did a guitar player who taught him music. He was dismissed as "a straw-haired clown" on one occasion, and described as a Beethoven-faker who made a mockery

of his art. His fame was explained as a product of tourism. American tourists were filling more and more of the seats at Spanish bullfights. The purists said they knew nothing of what they were seeing, wanted action, and El Cordobés was a smart enough actor to provide them with a good show.

Meanwhile, however, he had become the greatest attraction in the world of the *corrida*. He was aggressively natural, slouchy, with a low-keyed magnetism that reminded people of the late movie actor James Dean. He revived the old custom, discontinued since the days of Manolete, of opening cases of whisky or cognac for friends and admirers after a performance. In the ring he was incredibly courageous, casual, almost flat-footed compared with the formal elegance and ballet postures of other matadors. Constantly brushing the great shock of unruly hair out of his eyes, careless or ignorant of tradition, he dared to stand nearer the bull than any other matador. A critic once wrote, "El Cordobés leaves the aficionado open-mouthed and wondering, 'Is this possible? Can a man be so brave? Can anyone defy death with such coolness?'"

In 1962, when Paco Camino's romance was making him famous in Mexico, El Cordobés had contracts for 120 fights as a *novillero* in Spain, more than anyone before him. He stopped after 109 so as to keep sacred the record of Juan Belmonte. Also, he was paid \$200,000 to star in a movie, *Learning to Die*, which was shot during his voluntary retirement. It was so successful—he is a natural actor—that another film, *Blackmailing a Bullfighter*, followed at once. Ten *paseo dobles* were composed in his honor, 300 poems dedicated to him and one biography published. A manufacturer of sunglasses published color advertisements of El Cordobés in a suit of lights. His name was not mentioned once. It did not have to be.

Last May, when El Cordobés confirmed his promotion to a full-fledged matador, a stranger might have thought Madrid had been deserted. There were no taxis or pedestrians on the street. Barbers ceased to cut hair. Switchboard operators did not answer telephones. Board meetings were adjourned. Everyone who was not at the Monumental was watching on TV. The end was sudden. As the crowd rose to El Cordobés' serene daring, the bull suddenly got him

on the inner thigh, tossed him to the ground and gored him three times.

He was back in the bullring three weeks later. The empresario of the Toledo arena charged the highest legal price in the history of bullfighting—1,000 pesetas—for El Cordobés' appearance there. The black market price was \$65 a seat, fabulous for a country as poor as Spain. Ten days later, El Cordobés was paid \$25,000 for polishing off two bulls in 30 minutes, to set a record of his own.

Paco Camino is paid only a third as much. Spanish aficionados tend to blame Camino's marriage for the present state of things. "He hasn't his mind on the bull," it is said. By July 30 Camino had been awarded 29 ears in 40 *corridos*. El Cordobés had collected 62 ears in only 38. What happens when the two rivals meet? They were both on the same program last spring at Barcelona and, in their remarkably dissimilar ways, each was at his best. Appearances on the same *corrida* program were scheduled for early August in Bayonne, France, and at Málaga where it is to be *mano a mano*.

"Paco Camino and El Cordobés are the outstanding bullfighters of the moment," says José María de Cossío, author of the monumental, definitive, four-volume work, *Los Toros*. "Camino possesses the greatest qualities and potentialities of any *torero* today. But the great new development, which has upset everything, is the emergence of El Cordobés."

Dr. de Cossío says that "by developing his character, his calculating mind, his enormous intelligence, Camino could be incontestably the foremost *torero*. He has the most class, but he has become lazy. He is extraordinary, but he lacks decisiveness and staying power. With Paco Camino, one must discover his qualities. El Cordobés puts his in evidence every day. It is possible not to like El Cordobés, but one cannot deny he is an event in the world of *torero*dom. His closeness to the bull is not the consequence of his dominance of the bull or of his failure to dominate it. It is his natural distance. He succeeds because of his courage, his inspiration, and also because of his technique. Valor he possesses to an eminent degree. Inspiration he has in spurts. True, his technique is not great, but it is instinctive, efficient, and always at his disposal. El Cordobés gives himself completely to the ecstasy of the bullfight."

END

Understandably—what with those blasted Phillies flapping all around him—Giant Manager **Alvin Dark** sometimes loses his temper, and last week in the middle of a game with them he irritably booted a batter's helmet onto the lap of a fan named **Mrs. Barbara Desvaine**. The chagrined manager asked to have it returned. "No," said Barbara, "it's just like a baseball I caught it, and it's mine." "Well," replied Dark lightly, "I'll trade you a baseball for it." Mrs. Desvaine said O.K., "but only if you autograph it." "Done and done," said Alvin in essence, and the Giants' skulls, if not their standing, were secure once more.

While her mother stood by as a mere spectator in polka-dot babushka and shift (*below*), 6-year-old **Caroline Kennedy** donned the formal hard hat and jodhpurs of the well-dressed horsewoman and rode her pony Macaroni to a sixth-place ribbon in a 4-H Club horse show in West Barnstable, Mass. Her cousin **Kathleen**, daughter of

Ethel and Bobby, did even better, winning a second, three thirds and a fourth, but at 13 she had an advantage.

"Who is the ale man? Who can he be?" the Ballantine brewers ask TV fans practically every hour on the hour. And for the last month the answer they have provided gratis is Sailmaker and Yachtsman **Cohn Ratsey**. Now, just as the viewers have got this lesson firmly fixed in their minds, the Ballantines have got themselves a new ale man: none other than onetime Diamond Sculls Champion **Jack Kelly**.

For once **Muhammad Ali** seems to have fallen in love with someone besides himself. She's an attractive 17-year-old Sudanese girl named **Rechims** whom he met on his recent trip to Africa. "She wears this wraparound dress and has a gem in her forehead," sighed heavyweight boxing's gift to Islam. "And she's beautiful just like me."

Russia's busiest athlete, **Nikita Khrushchev**, entertained some

Indonesian guests by blasting them right off his skeet-shooting range in Moscow. After hitting six out of six pigeons, the Muscovite sharpshooter obligingly offered his gun to visiting Foreign Minister **Subandrio**. But the Indonesian leader hastily excused himself and designated his ambassador, **Musa Sophian**, to substitute for him. Alas, Ambassador Sophian was not able to hit a single clay pigeon.

After months of sniffing and sneezing, **Bubs Shoemaker**, the beautiful wife of Jockey **Willie**, at last found out what was wrong: she is allergic to horses, be they winners or losers. "If I come back from working a horse in the morning and touch her she starts sneezing right away," sighed Willie, gazing gloomily into a future of marital quarantine. "But in the afternoon everything is usually D.K. just as long as I take a shower before leaving the jocks' room to go home." "I hope the pills I'm taking will counteract it," said Mrs. Shoe, wiping away an allergic tear.

Anxious to improve his game, President **Tom L. Popejoy** of the University of New Mexico asked a firm in Connecticut to send him by return mail C.O.D. a book on how to play golf. "Sorry," replied the book's publisher in effect, "but persons living outside the continental United States must pay in advance. No money, no book." President Popejoy sighed, picked up a pen instead of a putter and wrote back: "New Mexico has been part of this nation since 1848." Then, as an afterthought, he tacked some instructional material of his own into the envelope: a map of the U.S.

Along with such elderly sharpshooters as former Amateur Champion **Chick Evans** and World Senior Titlist **George Haggerty**, those two grown-up kids, **Bing Crosby** and **Bob**

Hope, were asked to represent the U.S. against aging golfers from 12 nations in the international seniors golf tournament next month in Colorado Springs. And why not? Though they still shoot golf in the low 80s, both boys are now securely into their 60s, when it comes to years.

In the families of Baltimore Manager **Hank Bauer** and Kansas City Football Coach **Hank Stram** it seems to be a question of who is setting whom an example. While Diddy Bauer's Drivels battled furiously to regain a lost lead in the American League and Daddy Stram's Chiefs tried to get in shape to win back the AFL title, Catcher **Stu Stram**, 6½, and Shortstop **Hermie Bauer**, 7, were pacing a Johnson County, Kans. YMCA ball team to its seventh victory in 10 starts in the Hot Stove League. Hermie Bauer also won the league's 1964 Hustle Award.

"My dad is a golf pro," wrote the mixed-up blonde, "and I've been playing since I was 6. I can cream all the fellows in our crowd, including my steady guy. Howie hates it when I beat him. What do you say?" No golfer but a girl who knows her way around most courses, the love-lorn's friend **Ann Landers** had an answer as useful on the links as it is on tennis courts, at bridge tables and on the horseshoe pitch. "Play doubles with your guy," she told the blonde, "and make him look good instead of beating his brains out."

For the past four years U.S. Olympic hopeful **Ron Laird** has been heeling and toeing his way toward Tokyo. Last week he got a little closer by finishing third in the 20,000-meter walk at the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet in Los Angeles, but on the way home, still walking, he met a snag. Blithely crossing an L.A. street against a red light, Walker Laird was picked up by an All-America cop, summoned to court and slapped with a \$12 fine.





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After hearing Ommannney's rea-

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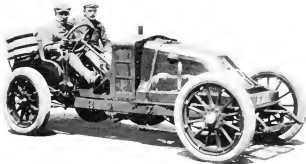
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Lonely gourmet of the swamps fights for his life

Now rarer than the whooping crane, the Everglades kite may come back—if the swamp-water level stays high and apple snails are plentiful

One of the rarest dramas of nature is now at its climax in Florida. The outcome will go far to determine whether a bird threatened with extinction can survive. The bird is the Everglades kite, a slaty black hawk about 16 inches long and three and a half feet across the wings. It would be the rarest bird in North America, now that the ivory-billed woodpecker is extinct, except for the handful of Eskimo curlews that has recently been discovered. Last week there were 19 kites.

The Everglades kite is the most fastidious gourmet imaginable. This hawk lives exclusively on snails. The most fastidious human gourmet is not likely to get escargots more than once or twice a week, and even then he has to be content with any one of half a dozen kinds that the restaurateur may have happened to pick up at the fish market. The Everglades kite eats only one kind: the freshwater apple snail. From the day he cracks out of the shell until the day he finally bites the saw grass—or his kind becomes extinct—he eats nothing but apple snails.

The kite does not take his snails à l'ail, with garlic. He takes them on the wing. He hunts by flying low over the shallow waters of the Everglades. When he sees a snail within range of his longish legs and strong talons, he swoops down, grabs it and is airborne again almost instantly.

The kite carries the snail to a favorite perch on a dwarf cypress or a stumpy myrtle bush. The apple snails have an operculum, a trapdoor of horny material to protect their soft bodies. The kite does not use main force to pry out the snail with his long billhook. He usually holds the snail still until the operculum opens and the tender body protrudes ten-

tatively. In a flash the kite uses the sharp tip of his superhooked bill, with a neurosurgeon's precision, to stab the snail's nervous center—its equivalent of a brain. This paralyzes it so that it can no longer withdraw into the sanctuary of its shell. Then the kite may gulp it whole, operculum and all, or take delicate half-inch bites at leisure.

The Everglades kite is an average-sized hawk and not vividly colored. The male is black all over except for a white patch around the base of the tail and a narrow fringe at the tail's end. The female is dark brown above, white-and-brown-streaked below, with the same white tail ornamentation. Only the birds' eyes, facial skin, legs and feet are of striking hue: bright red in the male, orange-red in the female. There are similar and closely related races of snail hawks in Cuba and Mexico and in Central and South America. But the Florida remnant is all that the U.S. has to show of a fascinating and striking native bird.

Though Audubon apparently never saw Everglades kites, in his day they were common over the wetlands of peninsular Florida, north almost to the Georgia line and especially through the Everglades from Okeechobee south.

But that was before man decided to drain much of the Glades for farmland and to draw off water from the remainder for irrigation. The apple snails can survive only where there is standing water most of the year. If the Glades floor dries out, the snails burrow into the mud. Two or three years of drought kill the breeding stock of snails. And after the drought is broken, it takes the slow-motion snails many years to recolonize an area.

From the turn of the century until this year the story of the Everglades kite

continued



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NATURE continued



HARRY MONAGHT

THIS KITE IS PATIENTLY HOLDING A SNAIL IT EVENTUALLY WILL EXTRACT FROM SHELL

could be summed up in two words: steady decline. Abundant in the Loxahatchee area until 1921, it disappeared from there by 1923. The survivors made their last stand at Lake Okeechobee. The National Audubon Society maintained a warden there, but the area is almost impossible to police. When I went there in February of 1961, a dozen birds had been expected to be ready to nest, but Warden Glenn Chandler and I could find only one, and he had no mate. The next couple of years took the kite to its nadir. Drought and man dropped the water level all over southern Florida. Much of Okeechobee went dry. Some of the saw grass turned to tinder and burned. With only nine known survivors, there were fewer kites than the lowest counts for the California condor, the

great white heron or the whooping crane.

A couple of kites had been seen off and on since 1961 at Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge. In early April last year there were three or four, including one pair that looked as though it might be nesting. William Julian, the refuge manager, and Ira Westbrook, a refuge patrolman, counted seven kites in all during the month.

There were five nests abounding in the refuge. This did not necessarily mean five pairs of birds. The male kite builds two or three nests, and his bride picks the one she likes. She rearranges the willow-twig furniture and lays two or three eggs.

Breeding was unusually late. Eventually one nest in saw grass was discovered. It contained two eggs. One hatched, but the chick was found dead on June 24.

That same day one egg hatched in a nest in a stubby willow. Julian managed to get a photograph of this rare chick when it was half grown, but the nest was not checked again, and it is not known whether the bird ever flew.

Last February I checked Loxahatchee by car from the levee and also by airboat. Again the kites were late, and I saw only two or three males. In May, Bill Julian and Edward L. Chalif, a prominent ornithologist from New Jersey, were certain of nine individuals—five males and four females or immatures.

Julian wisely decided at once to keep out photographers, who might stay too long near a nest if they found one. He was thinking of a total closure of the area where the birds had nested in 1963. It was in a part of the refuge that is regularly open to fishermen. It then seemed to some of us that the time had come to get top-level action to save the kites. Chalif, Richard Pough, the conservationist, and officers of the Audubon Society joined me in setting up, overnight, the Emergency Committee for the Everglades Kite. We went to Washington to ask the Secretary of the Interior to close three or four square miles of the Loxahatchee Refuge surrounding the "willow head," a soggy island where the birds seemed likeliest to nest.

The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife went us one better and authorized Julian to close almost nine square miles. Perhaps most important, the bureau promised to provide Julian with enough personnel to patrol the area to make the closure effective. Signs were posted all around, but there are still some Glades characters who do not believe in signs or in regulations of any kind. In the week when the area was closed a Glades veteran was picked up and charged with poaching alligators. (Their hides bring a black-market premium.) Julian and Westbrook found the old fellow's camp in the heart of the closed area. On the very island around which male kites were building nests (and over which they engaged in fancy zoom-and-tumble aerobatics to attract mates) the gator poacher had hidden his gear. So that was another close call for the kites.

At Okeechobee well-meaning bird watchers and photographers had disturbed the kites too much. It was officially decided to exclude not only photographers but even professional ornithologists from the closed area at Loxahatchee. Only one exception was

made—Alexander Sprunt IV, a specialist on threatened species.

It was a sweltering, soggy, windless day in late June when Sandy Sprunt and Bill Julian made their most fruitful reconnaissance of the area. Near the willow head, Julian switched off the roar of their airboat engine. For an hour or two, few birds moved. One male kite sat near a "cock nest"—a messy jumble of sticks that no self-respecting female would accept as her nursery.

A light but merciful breeze made up, and kites began stirring. A male and a female flew into the willow head, and they were carrying snails in their bills. That was promising. Another male flew in and, as he settled in a willow, Sprunt saw through his spotting scope that he was joining a female at the edge of a nest—the first 1964 nest!

For a better view, Julian eased the airboat around to within 50 yards of the willow head. Sprunt and Julian saw, to their astonishment, no fewer than six kites in brown plumage (females and immatures), with two adult males, all in the willow head. There were almost certainly two active nests and possibly four. Perched at cypress or myrtle dining tables, or quartering the saw grass for more *escargots*, seven other kites could be counted, for a total of at least 15—more than anybody had seen for years. Two others had recently been seen over Lake Okeechobee. That made 17.

On July 1, Sprunt and Julian could see one chick in the nest. That made 18. A week later there were two, for a total of 19. And last week Julian told me he had just seen these fledglings on the wing. So the 1964 season has been at least partly successful, and there may still be more chicks in hidden nests.

Interior is doing its part, and the birds have done theirs. But whether the kite can survive indefinitely in Florida depends on highly fluid factors. The water level on that memorable count day in June was 15 feet 9 inches above sea level, enough to give the snails and kites an ideal two feet of water over most of the Glades floor.

The question is whether it can be kept above the critical level of 14 feet. For the water level in the refuge is not controlled by one man or bureau. It is instead a matter of frequent contention among five or six different federal and state agencies. If they would all cooperate, the Everglades kite may still be saved, despite man's long neglect of the gourmet of the Glades.

END

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UNDER BUCK THORNBURG'S URGING, OLD HAT BEATS FAVORED MISS CAVANAUGH

Old Hat struts some new stuff

A long-shot mare won prestige and wine for a small horseman

Nobody who has followed the races in this country for the last 10 years is apt to confuse Stanley Conrad with Fred Hooper, Ogden Phipps or Rex Ellsworth—or, for that matter, any of our leading money-winning owners. And yet in his own quiet and unobtrusive way Stanley has been working just as hard as any of them toward the racetrackers' common objective: ownership of a horse good enough to win a major stakes race.

Stanley Conrad is a stocky 46-year-old native of Prospect, Ky. and co-own-

er of the Louisville Chair Company, which turns out dinette suites. For 10 years he has been dabbling in the horse business and figures he has owned maybe 40 Thoroughbreds. He has seven horses in training.

"I've always been partial to fillies," said Stanley at Delaware Park last Saturday as he sipped champagne with Delaware Governor Elbert S. Carvel. He said it with a broad grin and a happy chuckle, for a few minutes earlier his 5-year-old mare Old Hat had won the prestigious Delaware Handicap, worth \$121,930, and Stanley's cut of the swag came to \$79,254.50.

"This is the first horse I've ever owned who has won a stake," said the smiling winner. Jockey Buck Thornburg was equally delighted. Old Hat was his first \$100,000 stakes winner. "This mare has never won at over a mile," he said, "and here she goes and beats the best fillies and mares in the country at a mile and a quarter. Her only real claim to fame before today's race was that she bent

Cleats twice—and that's something not too many mares have done."

As a 17-to-1 shot in the major mid-summer handicap for fillies and mares, Old Hat, a daughter of the sprinter Boston Doge, seemed to be outclassed. Her opposition in a 12-horse field included not only Walter Song, who had won this race in 1963, but also Harry Nichols' Miss Cavanaugh, the 3-year-old filly champion, and Mrs. John Thouron's flashy Argentinian import, Snow Scene 2nd. Those horses looked as though they should easily take care of Old Hat (whom Conrad bought for \$9,500 from his neighbor W. A. Nelson).

But Stanley and his trainer, Charles C. Norman, and Jockey Thornburg had different ideas—and so, as it turned out, did Old Hat herself. In the paddock of Delaware Park's beautiful countryside track, Norman looked Thornburg right in the eye and gave him some rather specific battle orders: "Break on top. Don't get more than one length in front. If something passes you, let them go, and conserve your horse until the stretch. Then just let her go."

Well, amazing as it may seem in a day when most jockeys consider themselves master strategists and unofficial trainers, that is exactly what Buck Thornburg did. When the gate flew open Thornburg roared out of his inside post position and took the lead just the way he wanted to. When he saw himself two lengths in front of Walter Song turning up the backstretch he followed Norman's orders and eased up slightly, then kept his mare running smoothly and well in hand after Walter Song passed him and took the lead, which she held until just past the quarter pole.

Turning for home Thornburg "let her go," as instructed, and away she went, "like a new bonnet instead of an old hat," Thornburg said later. Miss Cavanaugh, the only 3-year-old in the race, made a gallant run for the big purse and did exceptionally well to finish second, beaten only a length and a quarter. A similar margin separated her from the third-place Walt Song, who had nearly a length advantage over Owner-Author Ernie Havemann's game Nubik. The time was a moderate 2:04 after slow early fractions of 23.3, 5.48, 1:12.4, 5 and the mile in 1:38. With Walt Song and Old Hat slowing the pace to suit themselves, and no other horse willing to challenge until it was too late, the come-from-behind stretch runners never really had a chance.

END



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Big hand for Big Lew

Lew Mathe is not a big man, but to the very good players of southern California, who rarely have the pleasure of beating him, he is Big Lew, the boss. A fortnight ago the boss and the best of his Los Angeles playing mates were in Toronto to defend their intercity title and the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophy. Their match preceded the first national championship ever staged by the American Contract Bridge League outside the U.S. The Californians retained the cup, 185 to 138, but not before they had faced some pretty interesting problems set up by another boss, Eric R. Murray, the 6-foot 2-inch Toronto barrister-solicitor who, had he been a Californian rather than a Canadian, might have been called "Big Eric."

The exciting match was closer than the score suggests, and the home-town audience hurraed and groaned with the seesawing fortunes of its team. Probably its happiest moments came when Murray mauled Mathe with a trump lead that prevented a small-slam contract. Mathe took 20 minutes to play the

hand but nothing could help him, and eventually he went down two tricks. Bruce Elliott, playing the same slam bid for Toronto in the closed room, received a helpful nontrump lead and made his contract. On the combined result at the two tables, Toronto gained 14 International Match Points.

But even the partisan crowd appreciated Mathe's and Edwin Kantar's brilliant defense on a deal (below left) in which both sides were vulnerable and South the dealer. The teams, incidentally, reached game with the same bidding.

In the closed room the Los Angeles declarer got an opening lead of the club 7 and had an easy romp. But in the other room Mathe opened a diamond for the West hand. He knew that his partner must be short in diamonds, and he hoped that, with the aid of his ace of hearts as a reentry and a possible trump stopper in his partner's hand, he could give Kantar a ruff that might set the contract. Perhaps declarer should have seen the way to forestall the danger—after winning the diamond, lead a heart at once and cut the defenders' communications. No matter what happened. South would lose only one heart and two trump tricks this way. Instead, he tried to avoid the danger by winning the diamond and playing the ace and another spade. Kantar made his brilliant play here: he refused to win the king. Declarer continued trumps. East took his king, put his partner in with the heart ace, got his diamond ruff and cashed the king of hearts for the setting trick. Had Kantar won the second spade, dummy could have guarded the second round of hearts with his trump, and the defenders would have taken only three tricks in spite of Mathe's devastating lead.

END



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NORTH
♠ J 9 8
♥ Q
♦ K J 10 9 3
♣ A 10 4 2

WEST
♠ 4
♥ A K 6 5 3
♦ 8 7 5 2
♣ Q 8 7

EAST
♠ K 10 6 3
♥ A J 7 4 2
♦ 6
♣ J 4 3

SOUTH
♠ A Q 7 5 2
♥ 10 3
♦ A Q 4
♣ K 9 5

	WEST	NORTH	EAST
14	PASS	34	PASS
34	PASS	34	PASS
44	PASS	PASS	PASS

A tall, good-looking young man was peering through binoculars as the horses rounded the bend at Longchamp. Running neck and neck were the Aga Khan's Jour et Nuit III and Baron Guy de Rothschild's Corah. As they passed the finish line it looked from the young man's angle as if Corah had won, and he exclaimed regretfully: "I lost!" Without waiting to hear the loudspeaker announce his defeat, he moved quickly from his box toward the nearest exit. On the way an older man caught up with him and said, "Prince, you have won!" Abruptly the Prince changed direction and made for the paddock. A few minutes later photographers were taking pictures of Jour et Nuit III; France's most famous jockey, Yves Saint-Martin; France's most famous trainer, François Mathet; and the pleased employer of them all, Prince Karim Aga Khan. Normally the picture-shy Prince has no smiles for photographers. But this fine day at the Paris race-track Karim was all smiles—and \$10,000 richer.

Seven years ago Prince Karim was a soccer-playing student at Harvard who never rode a horse and was bored when his father, Prince Aly Khan, took him to a racecourse. Today, at 27, he is best known as the spiritual leader of 15 million Ismaili Muslims in Asia, Africa and the Middle East. But he is also several other things: the owner and active head of one of the biggest racing stables in the world, with 280 horses scattered over nine stud farms in France and Ireland; the backer and builder of a huge holiday resort area in Sardinia, one of the most ambitious enterprises of its sort in the world; and an Olympic skier capable of beating half the finest downhill and slalom runners in the Alps.

Had it not been for a passage in the will of his fabulous grandfather, Aga Khan III, Karim would very likely be just another candidate for a Ph.D. at the Harvard Graduate School today. The decisive sentence read: "In view of the fundamentally altered conditions in the world in very recent years . . . including the discoveries of atomic science, I am convinced that it is in the best interests of the Shia Ismaili Muslim community that I should be succeeded by a young man who . . . brings a new outlook on life to his office." With that—passing over his charming, horse-loving son, Aly—the 79-year-old Aga chose his 20-year-old grandson, Karim, as his successor.

"Overnight," says Karim, "my whole life changed" *continued*

PRINCE KARIM AGA KHAN

A rare portrait of an intent young ruler who rejects the temptations of an idle life in order to carry on his dynasty's sporting tradition. He runs a huge racing stable, is building a vast Mediterranean resort and skis with Olympic skill

BY PAUL EVAN RESS



completely. I woke up with serious responsibilities toward millions of other human beings. I knew I would have to abandon my hopes of studying for a doctorate in history." Overnight, too, the Prince, whose allowance at Harvard was so small that he could not buy a car or afford even a few ski weekends in Vermont, became an immensely wealthy international figure.

Endowed with youth, a handsome countenance, riches and an athlete's frame—not to mention sports cars, a yacht, a private plane, an Alpine chalet, a Riviera château, a Paris mansion and all those racehorses—Karim could have been expected to become a playboy's playboy. As he himself admits, his public image is that of a gallivanting jet-setter who wants his horses, cars and women to be fast and who can afford the sleekest of all three because every year his female subjects put him on a scale and bestow upon him the equivalent of his weight in diamonds or platinum.

As in all legends, there is an iota of truth here. He owns fast cars and hopes he owns fast horses. "I do not like nightclubs or night life generally," he says. "I am not a social butterfly or salon lion." Since he accepts invitations to almost no balls, galas or soirees, Karim's name is conspicuously absent from the gossip columns and society pages of the European press. And he is anything but a rake. For the past five years his name has been seriously linked with that of only one woman, an exquisite, publicity-avoiding blonde named Annouchka von Mehks. But K., as intimate friends call him, refuses adamantly to say a word about her.

"Public figures have a right to a private life," he insists. His smile turns into a frown and his soft-spoken voice becomes sharp when a photographer seeks to catch the two of them on film. "I see no reason why I should help to sell newspapers," he says. Nor does he get weighed every year. In his 72 years as the Aga Khan, Karim's grandfather was given his weight in gold and gems only four times. "The ceremonies are held every 10 years, at most," explains Karim, "and I have been Imam for only seven years."

Karim is actually closer to being an egghead than a playboy. His first choice of college was significant, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1953 he applied for admission and was accepted. But his grandfather vetoed this and decreed that the Prince must go to Harvard. Karim never lost his interest in science, but his reading today indicates a wide range of thought, from classical novels to modern philosophers, from Balzac to Sartre. He never reads to escape. He considers this wasting time, and he allows himself no time to waste.

Karim's serious view of life is typified in his approach to horse racing. When the Aga Khan died in 1957, his huge racing establishment did not, as one might suppose, become the exclusive property of his son Aly. The Shia Muslim law of inheritance divided the stud farms and the horses among several heirs. Aly did have the privilege of buying back stock that had been willed to other members of the family, but in the end he had to sell about 100 horses of the 300-horse stable. Stud managers warned him: "You will have no more winners for several years." The normal turnover of 50 to 56 yearlings fell in a year to 13. "But my father knew what he was doing," says Karim. "I still think that nobody knew horses better than he did."

By the time of Aly Khan's death in an automobile accident in 1960 the \$3 million stable was beginning to flourish. But now the inheritance law put Karim in the position of having to acquire from his younger brother Amin and his half-sister Yasmine, Rita Hayworth's daughter, their major interest (60%) in the stable. When he had finished doing so, the stable was down to 110 horses.

"Worse yet," says Karim, "I knew nothing about horse racing or breeding. I asked myself seriously whether I could or should attempt to run the establishment. I also was not sure I would have the time to spend on the stable, since I was already working six to 10 hours a day on family community affairs. And I certainly did not wish to operate a third-rate stable after the glory it had known under my grandfather and father."

"When I decided to take on the stable, I had to reorganize my whole life. For one thing, it was obvious that I was going to have to spend much of the year in Paris, where I had no home. I was also going to face a lot of travel—to Chantilly to see the horses train, to Normandy and Ireland to visit the stud farms."

Since Aly Khan had bequeathed his Paris home to Yasmine, Karim told his lawyer and aide, André Ardoin, that he was in the market for a house. As luck would have it,



The Aga Khan, who has a private impatience with show drivers, arrives at St. Creigh stud farm in his Maserati

one of the most extraordinary houses in Paris—and one of the most beautiful—had just fallen into the hands of a bankruptcy commission, Le Syndicat de la Faillite. The house, located at 1, Rue des Ursins on the Ile de la Cité, had been rented by an architect-builder who had been convicted of fraud in a nationwide housing scandal. It was for rent ridiculously cheap. When Karim heard that Aristotle Onassis was also interested in the house, he rushed to complete the deal. "I didn't care to find myself huddling against Mr. Onassis," he says.

If Onassis ever sees this five-story medieval mansion, he will not forgive himself. There are too many rooms to count, a fine spiral stone staircase, 17th-century sculptured fireplaces, a 12th-century cloister with a glorious fountain, elegantly carved woodwork, Renaissance tapestries, a two-level 15th-century dining room and a choice of 16th, 17th and 18th-century bedrooms. Opening the door to an 18th-century boudoir, Karim remarked: "One does not always care to live in the 16th or 17th century."

Nor does one always like to work in an attic, but Karim does. It is here, at the very top of his house, that he has his office, a Tudor-beamed light-blue room with a memorable view of the Seine. From here Karim runs his racing and breeding establishment. Chantilly is only 15 minutes away, and Normandy less than two hours—as the Prince drives. The Irish stud farms are hardly more distant—as the Prince flies. Unlike his grandfather, who left his trainers and farm managers pretty much alone, Karim keeps an attentive watch on both. It is some measure of his active interest that, after much hesitation last year, he parted company with a longtime family employee, the well-known Alec Head, and replaced him with France's best-known trainer, Mathet.

An early riser, Karim usually breakfasts on orange juice, toast and coffee between 6 and 7, reads *Ismaïli* community reports and correspondence, dictates from 10 to 40 letters to a machine, and then turns his attention to horses. At 8 o'clock one morning not long ago Karim set off from Paris on what was to become, over a period of days, a tour of his racing holdings. He drove one of his Maseratis to Chantilly to watch Mathet supervise the training of the 72 horses there. The Prince's chauffeur, Lucien Lemoussu, was at his usual place, in the right front seat, the steering wheel remaining firmly in Karim's hands.

As the silver-gray 3½-liter Italian car whipped by everything in front of it at more than 100 miles an hour, Karim discoursed on horse racing. "Thoroughbreds can be either a sportsman's hobby or a business," he said. "Where a large stable and a lot of money are involved, obviously racing is no longer a hobby." Admitting what many stable proprietors do not care to, Karim said that racing and breeding horses can be a profitable business. "In France we hope to balance prize money with the cost of running the stable," he said. "The sales of yearlings and stud fees should represent profits. Of course, things do not always work out so nicely."

Last year things did not work out nicely at all for the Aga Khan's stable. His horses won only 24 of the 160 races in

which they were entered and brought in roughly \$140,000. This year the Prince's horses are faring much better. By the middle of July his green-and-red racing silks had won 20 times, placed 10 times and showed 14 times in 77 races—performances that were worth almost \$180,000 to Karim.

Another encouraging sign is that 52 foals will be born this year on his Irish and Norman farms, bringing the stable's total up to the 300 mark. "This is important," says Karim, "because if you have a big production, you can afford to sell large numbers of your most promising horses. We want buyers to feel we are selling fine horses, and not keeping all the good ones for ourselves."

At this point Karim turned the wheel over to Lucien, but a moment later the chauffeur suddenly slowed down (to 80 miles an hour) behind a Ferrari. "Let's change places," Karim told Lucien, who quickly stopped the car. The Prince tooted his four-tone horn, blew a blast on a ship's siren and passed the Ferrari as if it were a beetle on its back. "He heard us, but he never saw us," said the chauffeur. By 8:20 Karim was shaking hands with his trainer and saying, "Bonjour, Monsieur Mathet." Mathet replied, "Bonjour, Monseigneur [My Lord]." Few people address Karim quite so respectfully. Generally he is called "Prince," occasionally "Your Highness." The title, incidentally, is not hereditary, as many imagine. Queen Elizabeth II gave it to Karim after the old Aga's death—a traditional gesture by British sovereigns since the first Aga Khan allied himself with Britain against Afghanistan a century ago. Since Karim is

continued



Fast on the trails, Karim teamed with the American skis team, then raced for hours at the Frenchback Olympics.

descended from a former ruling family of Persia, the Shah of Iran has added a "Royal" to Karim's "Highness."

Karim listened carefully to Mathet's comments as all 72 horses, each wearing the dark-blue blanket of the stable, filed slowly by. For several hours the two men walked across wet, green meadows and watched the horses canter and gallop. It was evident from Karim's manner and tone of voice that he was aware of his own youth and Mathet's vast experience. Toward the end of the morning Karim suggested to Mathet that they meet at Le Bourget airport two days later for a quick trip to Ireland to inspect the stud farms around Dublin. "*D'accord*," said Mathet, glad for a chance to see horses he would be training later in the year at Chantilly. By midday Karim was back in his attic, working on Ismaili community problems.

Of the world's reigning princes, Karim must surely be the least clothes-conscious. If it were not for the demands of protocol, he would probably turn up everywhere dressed in what he had on the next day during a visit to his St. Crespin stud farm near Lisieux in Normandy: a pair of blue jeans his father once wore, an ordinary white shirt without a tie, a gray-beige Austrian skiing sweater and undistinguished black shoes. At the insistence of Madame J. J. Vuillier, who has administered the Aga Khan stable since 1931, Karim slipped rubbers over his shoes and donned a raincoat and a cloth hat. Within five minutes the bothersome hat had disappeared and the raincoat was cast aside.



Drapet Trainer Mathet gives blue-coated Karim a progress report during early-morning workout at Chantilly.

Holding a thick green book in his hand, Karim carefully examined the mares and foals paraded in front of him. The ease with which he commented upon a horse's strong points or shortcomings suggested that he had successfully passed his equestrian apprenticeship. Observing the scratchy gait of a filly in a pasture, he remarked: "She runs like a type-writer." Noting the pointed ears of a colt, he said, "*Il est très bien coiffé*. (He has a good head.)" Once when a horse reared nervously Karim whistled to soothe him. He chatted warmly and joked frequently, a youthful horseman at ease in a rural world.

The following day Karim and Mathet flew to Ireland in Karim's red-and-white Beechcraft Model 80 Queen Air. "This is a radar-equipped plane that seats six and can make 218 miles an hour," Karim said to Mathet—it was the Prince's turn to be the expert. For once Karim was wearing neither blue denims nor a ski sweater, but a dark gray suit with a vest, made in France. Unlike most Englishmen and Americans living in France, who hold French clothes for men in high disdain, Karim is quite content to have suits made by a tailor in Paris. Did he prefer the old-fashioned wide trouser cuffs or the tight Italian-type ones? "I thought all cuffs were the same," he said, surprised.

The Prince's Irish stud farm manager, Major Cyril Charles Hall, his foot in a plaster cast because of a kick from a stallion, greeted Karim at the Dublin terminal. A two-car convoy then drove everyone, pilot and co-pilot included, to Giltown, where a late supper was waiting. Everyone drank French wine except Karim, who took milk. "I don't drink alcoholic beverages for several reasons," he said. "For one thing, I am a Muslim. For another, I am an athlete in year-round training. Thirdly, I just don't like the taste of the stuff."

Karim leaves nothing to chance, so before retiring he inquired at what hour the car would be coming to take them on a tour of the farms. "At 8.30," he was told. "Let's say 8.15," he suggested. While everyone was arranging to be awakened at 7.30 for a fast breakfast, Karim said, "Please wake me at 6." Next morning he came down to the breakfast table looking annoyed. "I stupidly left my dictating machine in Paris," he explained.

It was a wet, chilly Irish morning, and Mathet dressed appropriately. In blue jeans and white shirt, without a coat or a pullover, Karim was properly dressed—for Sardinia. Major Hall put a raincoat in the car for Karim, who needed it by the time the party arrived in Sheshoon. It was there that Karim spotted a filly and asked, "Isn't she the daughter of Charlottesville and Martine?" Informed she was indeed, he added in a satisfied tone: "I thought I spotted a family resemblance." After almost a day of looking at horses through a downpour, Karim drove to Dublin airport, took off and by 9 in the evening was back at Le Bourget. Lucien and the Maserati were waiting.

He who would keep up with the Aga Khan must move

fast. Thirty-six hours after his Irish trip Karim was flying again, this time to Sardinia to inspect the construction of the holiday resort that he and a consortium are building there. A highly organized person—the dictating machine was not forgotten again—Karim had arranged for his 1500S Volkswagen to be driven from Gstaad to Rome and put on the overnight boat to Olbia in Sardinia. The roads of northeastern Sardinia—where they exist at all—have enormous holes and bumps and are no place for a Maserati.

Karim had also asked that his 72-foot, \$200,000 yacht, *Ansalone*, be brought out of drydock at Varazze on the Italian Riviera and sailed to Sardinia. Originally, the *Ansalone* made 28 knots. Karim, who relishes speed on water as well as on snow, highways and in the air, had its top cruising speed increased to 33 knots.

The Prince began to appreciate the resort possibilities of Sardinia during a cruise three years ago. The second-largest island in the Mediterranean, Sardinia was virtually undeveloped as a vacation spot. Karim decided that the northeastern corner was the most beautiful and least spoiled—least spoiled being a considerable understatement since, apart from some lean peasants and leaner goats, there was nothing along this 35-mile stretch of glorious coastline. Karim and some wealthy associates, including his half-brother, Patrick Guinness, bought the entire strip.

Karim named the region Costa Smeralda, the Emerald Coast, and becomes lyrical when he talks about it. "The sea here takes on particularly lovely hues," he says, "ranging from the darkest blue to the purest green. There are scores of fine, sandy beaches with not so much as a cat on them. Rugged green and gray mountains drop abruptly toward the water. A carpet of purple and yellow, and red and blue flowers perfumes the air. The climate is semitropical, much warmer than in the overcrowded resorts of southern France. The thermometer never sinks below 52° F."

In 10 years, at a cost of millions of dollars, Karim proposes to build or to permit the construction of a truly colossal development, including some 35 hotels and 9,000 villas and homes. An estimated 50,000 vacationers will eventually use the 80 beaches, two golf courses, polo field, skin-diving, hunting and horseback-riding clubs, restaurants and bistros.

Karim intensely resents articles that have described the future resort as a "playground for playboys" or "millionaires' heaven" or "the next St. Tropez for jet-setters."

"Nonsense," he says. "We are already building homes which will cost as little as \$10,000. There will be many in the \$20,000 to \$30,000 bracket. A \$40,000 villa will be the exception. These are not extravagant prices today in the Mediterranean basin. Besides, we are not foolish. We realize that there simply are not enough millionaires or playboys to make a 35-mile resort area prosper. There will be houses, restaurants, nightclubs, shops and sporting facilities for wallets of all sizes."

To make certain that Costa Smeralda does not turn into another Mediterranean eyesore, the consortium has set severe architectural and zoning standards. Buildings must

blend into the mountainous landscape and not clash in style with Sardinian rural dwellings. Pastel colors are preferred, white is banned. Before the consortium set forth these rules, the former Paris fashion model Bettina, who was Aly Khan's constant companion, built a large white villa. It is quite conspicuous, and there will be no more like it.

Begun two years ago—"from nothing," Karim reminds visitors—the resort is today a series of busy construction sites joined by dirt roads that are soon to be asphalted by the Italian government. One hotel, the Cala di Volpe, is already open to the public, and the yacht harbor should be finished by late summer.

Karim had invited a group of Parisian friends, including Miss von Mehks, to spend the week with him in Sardinia, and they saw more of Sardinia than of Karim. Three times a day he inspected the construction site at Porto Cervo, he lunched with engineers and architects; he held nightly work sessions at the hotel from 7 to 10 while his resigned friends dined alone. When Karim gets enthusiastic about a project, the world can entertain itself. His friends are all accustomed to this purposefulness.

One day, however, the Aga Khan suggested a cruise on the *Ansalone* to the spot that pleases him most, the yacht harbor at Porto Cervo, four miles down the coast from the hotel. A few hundred yards from the port Karim turned to his guests and said: "I'll bet you can't find the harbor from here." No one could. "It is extraordinary," he said. "The

continued



Unwed Thoroughbred offers a damp welcome to pleased Prince during a rainy inspection of his Irish stud farms.

entrance is only 320 feet wide. It is a kind of pirates' cove. We've forbidden any construction on the shore to preserve the hideaway character. The water is 45 feet deep in the middle, and along our 1,060-foot quay it is 21 feet deep. It is such a large harbor that we are building three separate series of moorings. Last year we had only a pontoon, yet 120 yachts tied up in August, more than at Portofino. Eventually Porto Cervo will be one of the finest ports in the world, and civilized, too. I mean, nobody will throw tomatoes at the boats, anchor lines won't get tangled and a yachtswoman will not feel he is an animal in a zoo."

Rowing himself and friends ashore, Karim made immediately for the chief engineer's shack. Speaking Italian, he discussed a blueprint of the quay with the engineer and several construction bosses. Twice he contradicted the Italians about the height of quays on a neighboring island. "I know," he said. "I sailed there yesterday to check it." The Italians may well have thought the Prince was a young man with too much money, but they respected his ability to read blueprints, speak their language and measure quays.

Actually, Karim is one-fourth Italian. He was born in a Geneva clinic on December 13, 1936 to Prince Aly Khan and Joan Yarde-Buller, who was previously married to Lord Guinness, of the banking, not the beer, Guinnesses. As Aly was half Persian and half Italian and Karim's mother was English, the leader of the Ismailis is one-quarter Persian, one-quarter Italian and half English. His looks suggest that he could come from any of half a dozen countries—European countries. He stands just under 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 178 pounds. Although he keeps in superb physical trim, eats moderately and drinks nothing alcoholic, he tends to put on weight. He has a strong, straight

nose, hazel eyes that at times seem greenish, straight brown hair and the receding hairline that runs in the family. His soft manner of speech sounds, to American ears, like English English. And he is, as he puts it, "short-sighted." Actually, he is so nearsighted that he usually wears contact lenses. "I had 20-30 vision when I entered Harvard," he says. "I don't know why, but my eyes deteriorated there rapidly."

At the outbreak of World War II, Karim, then a child of 3, and his younger brother Anvar went with a nurse to Lebanon, presumably a safe spot. But when France fell, the children were handed off to Egypt. In 1941 German and Italian troops drove dangerously close to Cairo, and it was thought wise to take the boys to Nairobi, Kenya, where the family owned a home. The house in which the future Aga Khan spent his boyhood is now the residence of Kenya's leader, Jomo Kenyatta.

The future Aga Khan was tutored daily not only in the usual subjects, but in Arabic, Urdu, the Koran and Islamic culture. An Islamic instructor continued Karim's religious education in Rolle and Gstaad in Switzerland, where, from the age of 8 to 17, Karim attended the fashionable Le Rosey prep school.

At Le Rosey, where his classmates included the Duke of Kent, the present King of the Belgians, Baudouin, and Prince Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Karim admits he could not have cared less about studies or more about sports. He played tennis, soccer, "even basketball, but only because they could get no one else." He ran the 80-yard dash, broad-jumped and threw the shotput. Forced to choose between skiing and ice hockey, Karim selected hockey. Le Rosey's hockey team was so strong that it competed against men's teams in the national championships. Karim also stroked a four-man crew to victory in 1953 at Lucerne in the Swiss national open rowing championship. He won almost every athletic medal and trophy Le Rosey presented, including an award for the giant slalom that was named after his stepmother—the Rita Hayworth Cup.

Both his father and grandfather, active athletes in their own youth, strongly encouraged Karim to engage in sports. The old Aga Khan was a physical-culture enthusiast who enjoyed boxing and took long cycling tours around Europe. Eventually he replaced these more violent forms of exercise with tennis and golf. "I know of no more exhilarating sport than jackal hunting in the rice fields near Bombay early on a cold winter morning," the Aga once declared. And he was proud of having pioneered field hockey in India and Pakistan. Aly Khan, in Karim's words, "played good tennis, skied a bit, jumped horses, rode wonderfully and won more than 100 races as a gentleman jockey." Karim's great-grandfather, Aga Khan II, was a big-game hunter who specialized in tigers. He died in 1885 from a chill he caught while water-fowling near Poona. The sporting tradition in Karim's aristocratic Persian family goes far, far back and may best be summed up in three words: hawks, hounds, horses. Karim shares his ancestors' love for hounds and horses but ab-



Preparing to drive himself, at anchor, he takes helm of his swept-up yacht, Amaleut, during Sarawati tow

hours hunting. "Once I killed a rabbit," he says. "It was awful. I never hunted again."

Karim eventually ended up with four grades at Le Rosey hut, even so, he says, "I was thoroughly lost when I got to Harvard. I had done my secondary work in French and was poorly read in English. My reading capacity in English was deplorable. I was unaccustomed to finding myself a number in a big bowl. I knew no one. So I got into the freshman rut—to bed at 4 in the morning after a terrific bull session and up at noon. I cut too many classes. I found my feet only at the end of my sophomore year."

In a sense, Karim found his feet in his freshman year, but that was on the soccer field. "My legs were particularly strong," he says, "and in Europe I had naturally been thoroughly trained in soccer's techniques. I made the freshman team, and we went through the season undefeated. I played outside left and scored occasionally. I think I skied once for the freshman team in a meet. I was not nearly good enough to make the ice hockey team, and I did not make the crew either. I was too heavy for the 150-pounders and not big enough for the regular crew. As for watching athletic events, I never did go to see a baseball game. American football puzzled me. Either I bothered my neighbors for explanations all the time or I understood nothing. If you cannot fathom a game, it is a bore."

In 1957, his junior year, two impressive things happened to Karim. He made the dean's list and became the Aga Khan. He decided he would have to interrupt his studies, but in the fall of 1958 he returned to Harvard accompanied, because of his new political and religious functions, by a "public relations representative." Karim badly needed someone to arrange things with the press because, as the Aga Khan, he was in great demand for interviews, especially on television. On one U.S. nationwide television show Karim was asked by a skeptical journalist how long he could go on being the Imam of millions of Muslims, a student and athlete at Harvard, and continue to give interviews. "Not for very long," replied Karim, "and this will be one of my last interviews." It was.

In June 1959 Karim graduated with a *cum laude* degree in history and his varsity H for soccer. "Cum laude at Harvard is not very impressive," Karim says, "but it did make me feel as if I had progressed since my fumbling freshman beginnings. Had my grandfather not died, I intended to study for a doctorate." He will never have time to do that now, for his responsibilities are too wide-ranging and time-consuming. Karim, whose name means "the open-hearted" or "the generous," is one of an uninterrupted line of Imams who can trace their ancestry some 1,300 years directly back to the prophet Mohammed. Most Muslims, it is true, do not recognize Karim as the Imam, but the Shia Ismaili sect does. This means that for them Karim's word in religious matters is final. In secular affairs the Ismailis consult the Aga Khan, but they are not obliged to heed his advice.

Most numerous in Pakistan, India, Kenya, Uganda and

Tanganyika, but present also in Southeast Asia, throughout the Middle East and elsewhere in Africa, the Ismailis have no common homeland, but they do possess a flag. It is a diagonal red stripe on a green background. Like the Chinese in Indonesia and the Philippines, the Ismailis are primarily thriving shopkeepers, merchants and middlemen. This is particularly true in East Africa, India and Pakistan. By and large they are better off economically and better educated than the populations among which they live. This is not an altogether happy state of affairs, since it exposes the Ismailis to discrimination, persecution and, as recently occurred in East Africa, to physical attack. Thirty Ismailis were killed in the Zanibar revolution last January.

Karim is well aware of the dangers facing his people in nationalist Africa and in underdeveloped India and Pakistan. He has launched an ambitious industrialization program to modify radically the economic role of the 250,000 Ismailis in the new African states. "We Ismailis must toil with our hands as well as our brains, on factory assembly lines and in offices as well as in shops," he repeatedly has told members of his East African community. "We must also work hand in hand with the newly liberated Africans." Such a profound change in the Ismailis' agreeable, comfortable way of life naturally has encountered some resistance. The general looting of shops in Tanganyika during the last crisis has served, however, as a warning.

Karim has a practical means of preaching realism in East Africa. He owns a string of 15 English and Swahili newspapers. Well before the two British colonies won their independence, Karim's newspapers set out to make readers "more African—than European-minded." In a cautious way they suggested that a political meeting of 20,000 Africans

continued



Sojourn the sea view at his Mediterranean resort, he stands en pier with his new Cala di Volpe hotel behind him

might be more important than a garden party of 300 Europeans. Not only has history proved Karim right, but his pre-independence point of view has won solid friends for the Ismailis in the new African states.

If Karim is asked how rich he is, he laughs and says: "Not nearly so rich as you think." The truth is that he probably does not really know how much money he has. The old Aga Khan once commented: "I have seen estimates of both capital and income so inaccurate that not one but two naughts at the end should be knocked off." But this is not to suggest that Prince Karim is not tremendously wealthy. His way of life displays what the French income tax forms so engagingly call "the exterior signs of riches."

"After Harvard, and even though I was the Aga Khan," Karim says, "I hated the thought of becoming a rich lizard. So I decided to take up an active sport again, skiing, and I built a chalet in Gstaad in the Bernese Alps." Karim's three-story, 13-room Swiss chalet, with its white walls, gray stone corners, dark-brown tile roof and golden-brown carved wood balconies, resembles the sober chalets of the region. Sober, too, is the interior. Apart from framed paintings of Alpine flowers, modern copies of Persian miniatures and a herd of ivory elephants on a ledge, the walls bear no works of art. To see the Aga Khan here is to once again sense his *purposeness*.

A white-coated butler and Karim's shepherd dog receive visitors at the door. A minute or two later, the punctual Prince emerges from his study and suggests coffee. "We can chat for an hour or so," he says. "Then I have a series of meetings with Ismaili leaders who have just arrived from Pakistan and India." Conversations with the Aga Khan are invariably interrupted by long-distance telephone calls or meetings with men who have come long distances.

"Did you see that post in the front yard as you came in?" Karim asked. "It has an electronic eye that opens the garage door. It enables visitors to avoid walking in the snow. It also allows me to drive into the garage without getting out to open the doors and finding myself at the mercy of telephone manias. If a photographer is polite enough to ask me for permission, 99 times out of 100, I say, 'Go ahead and shoot,' or I suggest another place and time. I just don't like to be treated like an animal."

"I take all sorts of precautions when I go out with friends. I have taught myself not to show any emotion in public places. I never sit next to a woman with whom the press is trying to link me. Here in Gstaad I go often to a bistro outside the village for a fondue because the proprietor will not let anyone take pictures in his establishment. I stopped going to certain Paris theaters because I discovered they were tipping off the press to my presence. I realize that I may seem extreme on the subject, but do not forget that my mail has been stolen and my servants bribed. Close personal friends have taken private snapshots of me in my home and then sold them to magazines. I have been blackmailed on the telephone. All I desire is to have my private life respected. Is that unreasonable?"

The one place he moves into the public eye—because it cannot be avoided—is on the ski slopes. "I decided to participate in ski races because I love competitive sports and rough training," he says. "Good or bad skier, I knew the training and the racing to be excellent discipline. I like the atmosphere in ski racing, too. It is a democratic sport. One's name does not count."

With spectators at ski meets, however, especially women spectators, the Aga Khan's name does count. When the loudspeaker announces the departure of "*Saw Alhasar f' Aga Khan*," they do not miss a movement of the descending skier. They encourage him with bravos and surround him at the bottom of the *piste* . Karim will answer questions at such moments and sign autographs politely if not enthusiastically. He does not lose his temper—though he might be exasperated if he did. At Wengen this year he had to escape admirers by skiing off at full speed under a railroad trestle. At Chamonix, in another mob scene, when an American reporter asked if he could do something for him, Karim answered, "Yes, help me get away from here!"

Another cause of embarrassment is the numbered jersey he must wear while racing. It often displays an ad for some alcoholic aperitif—this being a ski-race sponsor's right. "I do not like the thought that the Ismailis may see a newsreel film of some competition," Karim says, "and think their Imam was drinking, or urging other people to do so."

How good a skier is the Aga Khan? A very good one. He is not in a class with the top 40 in the Alps, but he is close. In major European ski competitions he is likely to place 50th out of a field of 100.

For someone who does something besides ski, that is a creditable performance. There are no miracles in sport, though, and Karim owes his showing to the serious training he undergoes with the Austrian national team. True, he has his own coach, Hans Senger, a former Austrian champion, but he also follows the Austrians from one physical education course and ski resort to another. In 1962 Karim participated in the world championships at Chamonix as a member of the British team. "In the downhill training I took a fall and banged myself up," he says. "I felt punchy afterward and missed qualifying for the slalom final by a second. I fared better in the giant slalom, however, and finished 37th." The British hoped that Karim would ski with them in the Innsbruck Olympics, but the Iranians invited him first. Moreover, the British team's training period coincided with independence ceremonies in Kenya and Zanzibar that Karim had to attend.

By another unfortunate coincidence the Olympic Games took place in Austria exactly at the moment that rioting swept parts of East Africa, taking a toll of Ismaili lives and property. Ismaili leaders showered Karim in Innsbruck with cables asking advice on whether to try to hold on in Africa or to return to India and Pakistan. Other Ismailis flew to Innsbruck to consult Karim. "I am not looking for excuses,

but I was not psychologically prepared for the Olympics. I did not have my mind 100% on the races," says Karim. In a practice run Karim skied off the treacherous downhill run—the so-called *porte de la mort*—into the branches of a tree. He was lucky to escape serious injury. When autograph hunters rushed at him down below, Karim tried to get away—by skiing backward. It turned out the fall had torn a big hole in the seat of his pants. At Innsbruck, Karim placed 53rd out of 96 in the giant slalom and 59th out of 84 in the downhill. "It was," as he puts it, "respectable if not glorious."

Traveling from one ski race to another, Karim clocks 12,000 miles every winter in his red Volkswagen. For anyone unaccustomed to icy Alpine roads it is a frightening experience to drive with him. But Karim has never had a serious accident, either in a car or on skis. The one time he broke his leg it was high-jumping. Prudently, the Prince skips certain downhill races if they look "really dangerous." "As Aga Khan, I cannot afford to risk my life on a *pride*," he says. However, the speeds at which he habitually drives a car—90 to 145 miles an hour, road permitting—strike many as "really dangerous."

This summer he had a minor, but ominous, accident on the way to the horse races at St. Cloud. It occurred only a quarter mile from the scene of his father's fatal crash. But Karim has great confidence in his driving ability, and in the quality of his cars. He changes them often. Recently he sold his Lancia and the two Maseratis. He replaced them with a new Maserati and his favorite, a dark-blue 5.7-liter Iso-Rivolta.

Karim is going to keep driving as he pleases, but he says he will pass up the top ski races next year. "I've hung up my racing skis forever," he insists. "I no longer have the time." There are a lot of Alpine skiers who doubt this. They know Karim's passion for the sport. What they do not know is that the ski-loving Aga Khan has just discovered a stimulating new activity: flying. "Piloting," he says, "that's what I'm going to take up next. A man must not stand still." A mistake which this prince seems unlikely to make.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER GARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE HOUSTON COLTS' (0-7) slugger Walt Bond, who had gone batless for 16 at bats, told Pincher Turk Farrell, who had failed in 10 attempts to win his 11th game, "Your slump doesn't show up as often as mine. Mine appears every day in the box score." Bond could have been speaking for all the Colt hitters. While the pitchers performed well in four games, the batters did miserably in all seven, and that certainly showed up in the box scores. With a team batting average of .175, the Colts lost all their games and were shut out three times. The NEW YORK METS (3-4) gained all three of their victories over the Colts, one of them a brilliant two-hitter by Frank Lary. It was the first time that Casey's team had won two or more in a row from Houston since the two clubs joined the league in 1962. The MILWAUKEE BRAVES (6-1) demonstrated how far good hitting can go. While the sagging pitching staff allowed 5.6 runs a game, the batters hit .319 and averaged 8.3 runs a game. Manager Bobby Bragan was so happy with the results he received from the line-up he used last week that he promised to keep it intact after trying 67 different combinations in the first 100 games. The ST. LOUIS CARDINALS (5-2) received strong hitting from Tim McCarver (.458), Bill White (.450) and Ken Boyer (.433) and excellent pitching from lefty Ray Seidecki (two wins, including a five-hitter), but two late-week losses prevented them from gaining ground on the leaders. With strong games from five pitchers, the PITTSBURGH PIRATES also took five of seven. The Sox should have won more, but they blew a game against the Giants when they committed six errors (three by usually erring Bill Mazeroski). Sloppy defense also hurt the CHICAGO CUBS (1-5). And beyond that, the pitchers allowed an average of 9.4 runs in each of the losses. The CINCINNATI REDS (4-3) were more concerned with

events off the field than on it: Manager Fred Hutchinson, suffering from cancer, stayed home from a road trip for hospital tests to check into back pains that had bothered him recently. The LOS ANGELES DODGERS (2-3) could beat only the Mets, and Sandy Koufax's consecutive win streak was snapped at 11 in a 5-2 defeat by the Giants when San Francisco scored four unearned runs in the ninth inning. As for SAN FRANCISCO, timely hitting by Willie McCovey (.364) and power hitting by rookie Jim Ray Hart (.346 and three homers) helped in a split of six games, but the Giants could win only one of three—Juan Marichal's 10-inning four-hitter—from the league-leading Phillies. By winning their series with the Giants, the PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES (4-3) moved $\frac{3}{4}$ games up in the pennant race (see page 10).

AMERICAN LEAGUE For the LOS ANGELES ANGELS (4-3) shortstop Jim Fregosi it had been dismal since the All-Star Game. A .317 hitter at the break, Fregosi's average had dropped 14 points by last Tuesday, and things were getting worse—he had just three hits in his last 20 tries. To break the dry spell, Fregosi jokingly gave his bat to the team doctor to inject some hits. It was just what the doctor ordered. After giving his bat the needle, the shortstop went out and hit for the circuit against the Yanks. The hits continued to drop, and by week's end he was back up to .315. With Fregosi's batting and three wins by Dean Chance, one a two-hitter over New York, the surprising ANGELS stayed solidly in fourth. The BALTIMORE ORIOLES also won four of seven but dropped out of first. While veteran pitchers Steve Barber and Robin Roberts lost, three youngsters, Wally Bunker, Dave Vineland and Frank Bertina, provided strong pitching to go along with the team's solid hitting, particularly by second-string Catcher Dick

Brown (.533 with four homers). Good pitching helped the NEW YORK YANKEES (5-2) move into first. With Whitey Ford injured, Ralph Terry, who has been suffering through an off year, moved into the starting rotation and won twice. Another slumping pitcher, WASHINGTON'S (4-2) Dave Stenhouse, came alive to set his team off on a four-game win streak with a three-hitter over the Orioles. The Senators continued their winning ways by parlaying strong pitching from Claude Osteen and Hunter Naram and some bonehead base running and fielding by the CLEVELAND INDIANS (2-6). Manager Berdie Tebbets was so disgusted at his team's play in one game that four of his players received fines for lapses on the field. The MONTREAL RED SOX (4-2) got some unusually good pitching to run up a winning record but suffered a real split when rookie star Tony Conigliaro was knocked out for a month with a broken arm. The CHICAGO WHITE SOX (5-2) hit well (.271), with nine home runs for the third straight week and moved within one game of first. Juan Pizarro won his 14th game of the year with a four-hit, 14-strike-out shutout. Handicapped by a .206 team batting average, the DETROIT TIGERS (3-5) used good pitching and clutch hitting to gain their three wins. Reliever Fred Gladding won two with scoreless late-inning pitching. The slumping MINNESOTA TWINS (2-5) returned to their home park and began hitting homers again (10 in five games there), but it was not enough to win more than two of five from the Orioles and the Yankees. The KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS won two games, both by one run, but lost five others when the hitters could not produce more than nine runs in all the games. Orlando Pena won one when he learned from a telecaster that he had been telegraphing his fork ball. Pena covered it up and gained a 2-1 victory, his first win since mid-June.



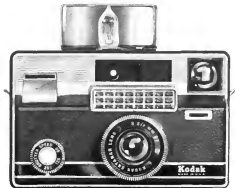
GARY PETERS: A WINNING PITCHER

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

One day last week at Chicago's White Sox Park the players were rewarded with books of Green Stamps for hitting home runs (10 books) or knocking in a run (five books), etc. In one game against the Twins, the Sox's star left-hander, Gary Peters, almost drove the Green Stamp people out of business. He picked up 16 books for striking out eight batters in the 11 innings he pitched, but he earned even more from his work at the plate. He went 3 for 5 and had three RBIs and a home run in a game the Sox won 5-4 in 12 innings. In all, he took home 45 books of stamps and raised his batting average to .284, second highest on the team. Peters' hitting ability is no fluke. He was originally signed as a first

baseball, and last year he led the American League pitchers with a .259 average. Not bad for a rookie. This year he is hitting even better and already has three homers to equal his output of a year ago. One of the home runs was a pinch hit that won a game for the Sox two weeks ago in the 11th inning. On top of this, Peters also happens to be one of the very best pitchers around. Last year he was the Rookie of the Year and had the best ERA (2.33) in the league. This year he is already 12-5 and has a 2.49 ERA. Late last week, few anyone forget that he is primarily a pitcher. Peters threw a three-hit shutout at the Detroit Tigers but went 0 for 4 at the plate. His average dropped down to .270—now only the third best mark on the week-hitting White Sox.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—A record fleet of 114 yachts entered the 335-mile Chicago-Mackinac race, and the surprise winner in the overall standings was TALESMAN, a nine 30-knot sloop owned and skippered by George A. Quander of Chicago, who corrected his 51.1-hour 24-minute 10-second, 8.7-mile race of the finish line was George Quander's 35-hour sloop Gypsy, the overall winner of the Foxe-Barnes-Mackinac race a week earlier, in 38:30:45.

On Husband's Bay off Marjorie, Mass. BOB ANDRE of San Diego owned Fred Miller of San Juan Harbor, Calif. (1986-199) in the 100-mile First Annual Race to Sea the Old Time Trophy for the North American Single-Handed Sailing Championship.

CONSTITUTION, skippered in turn by Eric Rulander and Bob Bever, finished downwind eight-four miles in two for victory in the 12-miler clip of the New York Yacht Club Cruise off the southern New England coast. The series, sailed mainly in light winds, did not come toward the selection of the America's Cup defender.

BOXING—After a storm of seat cushions and raised fists during 1,000 boxing spectators in Tokyo's Kaituma Sports Stadium, JOSH L. GIBSON of the Philippines retained his world junior lightweight title by a technical knockout over Japan's Taro Kozuka in the 12th round of a scheduled 15-rounder. Referee Joe Padilla of the Philippines awarded the victory after Kozuka knocked down Kozuka with a left hook and continued to overpower him when he set to his feet. The fight had been close, and both judges—Tony Pettenella of the U.S. and Scott Elmore of Japan—had Kozuka slightly ahead on points when the referee ended the fight in Kozuka's favor. In his first fight since he lost the world middleweight title to Tony Gairdner last December, DICK HIGDON of Nigeria gained a victory-round TKO over Joe Grounder of New York in Madison Square Garden. "I never have a better left hook than the one I knocked him out with," said the 20-year-old fighter. "Gardner can't avoid me now."

CRICKET—In Manchester, England, the fourth test match between England and Australia ended in a draw, and AUSTRALIA won the series. The first match of the first two had been drawn, resumed The Ashes, symbol of cricket supremacy between the two countries.

GOLF—Australia's KEL NAGLE shot a 66 and a 67 on the last two rounds to win the \$50,000 Canadian Open by two strokes over Arnold Palmer.

MICKIE WRIGHT took the lead on the second round and went on to win the \$12,500 Milwaukee Open with a 70-hole score of 201. It was his eighth victory in 15 tournaments this season.

HARNESS RACING—As expected, Ralph Bahrer drove SPEDDY SCOT (\$3,400) to victory in the 1½

mile Resistor on Toot at Rensselaer Raceway in Westbury, N.Y. He flew in a 1:21.29, one eighth second off 1989's record in the field of eight 4-year-olds. In addition to his \$45,690 first money, the 4-year-old gelding collected a \$30,000 bonus for his owners by winning the Resistor. Plus, a trophy awarded to a horse who was the major stake race for 2, 3- and 4-year-olds at Rensselaer (Speddy Scott took the Winstony Yearling) and a 2-year-old and the Dexter Cap last year. His total earnings for the night, a harness racing record, were \$5,690.85.

While his standing mile, Ontario, rested up in New York, CARLEIGHAN PAIR (\$3,100) posted in a one-length triumph in the \$13,000 Governor's Cup at Sportsman's Park, Ill.

The Stakes for Peace Handicap in Moscow went to ALEX HANOVER, a 5-year-old trotter owned by Rex Cleveland of Harrisburg, Pa. and driven by his trainer William Fleming. Competing in these 1,600-meter heats with nine Soviet state-owned trotters, the American horse—the first in race in Russia since the 1917 Revolution—won with the lowest combined time for his two heats.

HORSE RACING—Meadow Stable's BOLD EXPRIMENT (198-20) took Union's 100-mile sprint in the stretch to take the \$100,000 Saddle Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Monmouth Park, N.J. She covered the six furlongs in 1:09.1—the fastest time in the 3-year-old history of the race—in defeating Rhonda, by 7½ lengths in the seven-furlong field. Favored Queen Louise finished sixth, two lengths behind Rhonda.

OLD RAY (\$316), a 5-year-old owned by Kentucky Farmant Estate in Stanley County, led most of the way under Buck Thornburg to win the \$211,930 Delaware Handicap, the world's richest race for fillies and mares, at Delaware Park (see page 36).

"My husband promised me a cottage on a lake for my birthday, but I'll wait until I win tonight, my present," said Mrs. Mary W. Moorehead of Boston, Idaho, after shattering the world record for Thoroughbred yearling sales with the purchase of a son of World Star for \$170,000 at the Keeneland Yearling sale. The price she paid was \$40,000 more than the previous mark, set by John Glen for a son of Swan in 1961. Two other records fell on the two-day auction when 271 head sold for \$4,741,800—an average \$17,500 per head.

WRESTLING—Brazil's JOHN SLUTSKER drove a fighter a record margin 95.54 mph for 100 yards around the Washington circle to win the German Grand Prix in Augsburg, West Germany. Graham Hill, who placed second in a 100M, record two-point ahead of Jim Clark in the driver's sharepoint standings with 32 wins. Clark withdrew from the race on the sixth lap with a burned valve in his Lotus.

SWIMMING—New world and 15 American records fell at the four-day National AAU Outdoor Championships in Los Angeles. Bob Costello (see page 48) DINO SCUDLITZ of the U.S. won the 100-meter freestyle (1:30.6) and 400-meter freestyle (4:13.7), while his Soviet rival, Vladimir DREK, won the 1,500-meter freestyle (17:01.4) and 500-meter freestyle (17:01.4). In the 1,500-meter freestyle, in the women's events PATTY CABLETTO, a 13-year-old eighth grader from the City of Commerce (Calif.) won. Cabletto established a world mark of 9:47.3 for 800 meters in round to a world record 18:30.5 clocking in 1:50.0 meters. (Other women's world records went to SHARON STODOL of the City of Commerce, 200-meter freestyle (2:38.4); MARILYN KAMEKOSKY of Phoenix, Ariz., 400-meter freestyle (4:41.7); and the SANTA CLARA "A" TEAM of Deane de Valencia, Juan Hanson, Fern Snelken and Kelly Watson, 800-meter freestyle (10:51).

TENNIS—Led by Ray Emmerich, who took two singles matches and won doubles with Fred Seal 16-16, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4, 10-8, AUSTRALIA overpowered Mexico 4-1 to win the American Zone Davis Cup semifinals in Mexico City.

Surprising ARTHUR ASKE, a UCLA senior from Richmond, defeated Clark Graebner 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3 to win the men's singles title in the Eastern United States Championships in South Orange, N.J. Aske had upset top-seeded Denny Rathbone in the quarterfinals and champion defending champion Andre Panis in the semifinals. The winner will advance to top-seeded BILLIE JEAN KING of Long Beach, Calif., who defeated Nancy Richey of Dallas 7-5, 6-4, 6-3.

TRACK & FIELD—At a meet in Prague, LUDVIG DANIEL of Czechoslovakia wheeled and heaved the discus 211 feet 10 inches, besting by 5 feet 10 inches the world record set by Al Denton last April.

MULEPODS—DHD, GEORGE M. ODOM, 82, whose career as a Thoroughbred jockey and trainer spanned 44 years, at a New York Hospital. He began riding as an apprentice boy for W. F. Birch (brother of Elton) in 1906, and as a jockey (1909-1935) he had 1,063 mounts, won 573 races on Del. In 1937, four years later Odom became the first man ever to both ride and train winners of the Belmont when Pasternak won the classic. He became a trainer in 1937, and during his long career his horses earned a total of \$1,744,525, passing the \$900,000 mark. His season's most successful colt was Louis B. Mayer's Buster, the best 2-year-old filly of 1944 and Horse of the Year (1945). Odom himself won the Grand National at 1945 to New York Turf Writers Association, and that year his horses carried \$484,525—a career high.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Tony Trivette; 14—Nadine; 46—James Clendinning; 48—see page 36; 49—see page 36; 50—see page 36; 51—see page 36; 52—see page 36; 53—see page 36; 54—see page 36; 55—see page 36; 56—see page 36; 57—see page 36; 58—see page 36; 59—see page 36; 60—see page 36; 61—see page 36; 62—see page 36; 63—see page 36; 64—see page 36; 65—see page 36; 66—see page 36; 67—see page 36; 68—see page 36; 69—see page 36; 70—see page 36; 71—see page 36; 72—see page 36; 73—see page 36; 74—see page 36; 75—see page 36; 76—see page 36; 77—see page 36; 78—see page 36; 79—see page 36; 80—see page 36; 81—see page 36; 82—see page 36; 83—see page 36; 84—see page 36; 85—see page 36; 86—see page 36; 87—see page 36; 88—see page 36; 89—see page 36; 90—see page 36; 91—see page 36; 92—see page 36; 93—see page 36; 94—see page 36; 95—see page 36; 96—see page 36; 97—see page 36; 98—see page 36; 99—see page 36; 100—see page 36; 101—see page 36; 102—see page 36; 103—see page 36; 104—see page 36; 105—see page 36; 106—see page 36; 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697—see page 36; 698—see page 36; 699—see page 36; 700—see page 36; 701—see page 36; 702—see page 36; 703—see page 36; 704—see page 36; 705—see page 36; 706—see page 36; 707—see page 36; 708—see page 36; 709—see page 36; 710—see page 36; 711—see page 36; 712—see page 36; 713—see page 36; 714—see page 36; 715—see page 36; 716—see page 36; 717—see page 36; 718—see page 36; 719—see page 36; 720—see page 36; 721—see page 36; 722—see page 36; 723—see page 36; 724—see page 36; 725—see page 36; 726—see page 36; 727—see page 36; 728—see page 36; 729—see page 36; 730—see page 36; 731—see page 36; 732—see page 36; 733—see page 36; 734—see page 36; 735—see page 36; 736—see page 36; 737—see page 36; 738—see page 36; 739—see page 36; 740—see page 36; 741—see page 36; 742—see page 36; 743—see page 36; 744—see page 36; 745—see page 36; 746—see page 36; 747—see page 36; 748—see page 36; 749—see page 36; 750—see page 36; 751—see page 36; 752—see page 36; 753—see page 36; 754—see page 36; 755—see page 36; 756—see page 36; 757—see page 36; 758—see page 36; 759—see page 36; 760—see page 36; 761—see page 36; 762—see page 36; 763—see page 36; 764—see page 36; 765—see page 36; 766—see page 36; 767—see page 36; 768—see page 36; 769—see page 36; 770—see page 36; 771—see page 36; 772—see page 36; 773—see page 36; 774—see page 36; 775—see page 36; 776—see page 36; 777—see page 36; 778—see page 36; 779—see page 36; 780—see page 36; 781—see page 36; 782—see page 36; 783—see page 36; 784—see page 36; 785—see page 36; 786—see page 36; 787—see page 36; 788—see page 36; 789—see page 36; 790—see page 36; 791—see page 36; 792—see page 36; 793—see page 36; 794—see page 36; 795—see page 36; 796—see page 36; 797—see page 36; 798—see page 36; 799—see page 36; 800—see page 36; 801—see page 36; 802—see page 36; 803—see page 36; 804—see page 36; 805—see page 36; 806—see page 36; 807—see page 36; 808—see page 36; 809—see page 36; 810—see page 36; 811—see page 36; 812—see page 36; 813—see page 36; 814—see page 36; 815—see page 36; 816—see page 36; 817—see page 36; 818—see page 36; 819—see page 36; 820—see page 36; 821—see page 36; 822—see page 36; 823—see page 36; 824—see page 36; 825—see page 36; 826—see page 36; 827—see page 36; 828—see page 36; 829—see page 36; 830—see page 36; 831—see page 36; 832—see page 36; 833—see page 36; 834—see page 36; 835—see page 36; 836—see page 36; 837—see page 36; 838—see page 36; 839—see page 36; 840—see page 36; 841—see page 36; 842—see page 36; 843—see page 36; 844—see page 36; 845—see page 36; 846—see page 36; 847—see page 36; 848—see page 36; 849—see page 36; 850—see page 36; 851—see page 36; 852—see page 36; 853—see page 36; 854—see page 36; 855—see page 36; 856—see page 36; 857—see page 36; 858—see page 36; 859—see page 36; 860—see page 36; 861—see page 36; 862—see page 36; 863—see page 36; 864—see page 36; 865—see page 36; 866—see page 36; 867—see page 36; 868—see page 36; 869—see page 36; 870—see page 36; 871—see page 36; 872—see page 36; 873—see page 36; 874—see page 36; 875—see page 36; 876—see page 36; 877—see page 36; 878—see page 36; 879—see page 36; 880

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOLD RESPONSE

Sirs:

Attorney General Robert Kennedy's article (*LA Bold Proposal for American Sport*, July 27) shows that he welcomes a fight where the odds may be against him.

This is no surprise. As a 165-pound end on the Harvard varsity, Bob Kennedy enjoyed physical impact. He will get plenty of impact from this article, as those who assume squatters' rights over our track and field athletes will form heavy interference against his program.

Before we program for the future we should salute the Attorney General for his great efforts in behalf of our 1964 Olympic team. It was he who understood that the NCAA-AAU impasse, unless resolved, would greatly dilute the best American track and field effort in this year's Olympics. He understood the seriousness of this jurisdictional fight and prevailed on the late President to take action. It took a man of no lesser stature than General Douglas MacArthur to bring together the NCAA and the AAU in a temporary truce.

Robert Kennedy is well aware that after the 1964 Olympics there will be open season for control of amateur sports, and his challenging and thoughtful *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article anticipates this inevitable fight for control.

EARL (RED) BLAIR

New York City

Sirs:

If Attorney General Kennedy spent more time worrying about the Communists and less about the Olympics our nation would be better off.

WILLIAM B. POWER

Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif.

Sirs:

Bobby Kennedy appears no better qualified in the category of athletics than he is as an Attorney General. This is just another idea to have big government in Washington move into a phase of American life.

DON HASEIN

Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

Attorney General Robert Kennedy points out the need for better organization, not only for general physical fitness, but for that pinnacle of excellence in opportunity in all fields of sports.

After observing the U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. track meet, I would say that the American system of free enterprise and free participation in sport is doing all right! The thing we

should not lose sight of is that even though we are pretty good we could do better.

W. J. BOWERMAN

Eugene, Ore.

Sirs:

For years I have been toying with the idea of sounding off on this problem, but was afraid that as one who was brought up behind the Iron Curtain, I was placing too much emphasis on the importance of our showing in the Olympic Games. Mr. Kennedy's proposal expresses my exact sentiments, and I hope the people of my adopted country will listen and support him in this undertaking. As for myself, I would do anything if I could be of any assistance.

I would like to suggest two ways to raise the necessary money: 1) We should add a 10¢ contribution to every ticket sold to any kind of sport event in the country. The pros and their owners should only welcome this as they will benefit from the increased interest in the sports, and if the number of participants increases this should also increase their quality. 2) Labor unions and private corporations should establish teams and provide facilities, equipment and trainers. This would not only help sports but would provide their employees something with which to identify themselves.

ANDREW J. MAY

Former member of the Hungarian

National Ice Hockey Team

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

I was glad to see that your magazine did not wholly agree with Attorney General Kennedy's "bold proposal" (*SCORECARD*, July 27). He bases his proposal on the assumption that Americans engage in athletics to give us "an inner glow of pride" and to enhance "the picture abroad of a young America." This is not the case; it never has been the case and, hopefully, it never will be the case. We engage in athletics, primarily, for ourselves, for diversion, for competition, for physical activity, and not to "give the world visible proof" of anything.

STANLEY LANGHEIN

Memphis

GOUGEON GEORGE

Sirs:

To the ranks of active septuagenarians we elevate George Morton Levy (*If It Moves, They'll Be on It*, July 27), who joins such noted companions as Charlie Chaplin, Casey Stengel and Arthur Rubinstein.

SANFORD K. RAIN

New York City

Sirs:

I don't think the references to Mr. Levy's age were fair. After all, if he is a man of vigor, as Mr. Ottum says, his age shouldn't be a subject of humor. Otherwise, it was a fine piece of reading and I liked Mr. Levy after finishing it.

GRACE ELIZABETH WAGNER

Bethpage, N.Y.

Sirs:

George Levy did a lot of great things for the trotting sport, but I believe the greatest was his financial backing and support of the Phillips Staring Gate. In my estimation this did more to help our sport than any other one thing. Had it not been for this starting system I would venture to say we would still be at the county fair.

DELVIN MILLER

Meadow Lands, Pa.

NAL DE MER

Sirs:

By the Sea, by the Beautiful Sea (July 27) is the epitome of the nation's beaches. Thanks for the fun.

SUSAN SCHLEY

Miami

Sirs:

By the Sea, by the Beautiful Sea is undoubtedly the most ridiculous expenditure of seven valuable pages in a national sports publication ever perpetrated!

JAMES S. LATHAM

Bay City, Texas

AROUND THE BUSH

Sirs:

I am sure that you will receive many letters from indignant New Yorkers writing to know how you could print such an article as *The Word for New York Is Bush* (August 3). They will vehemently state that "New York is a Summer Festival." I say not, New York is a gigantic, overpriced tourist trap.

LEONARDO W. BLACK

Brownville, N.Y.

Sirs:

It appears that Charles McCabe has a grudge against New York City. His article is, to say the least, extremely critical of America's biggest metropolis.

Perhaps that is for the best because if he moved to New York he couldn't give his column away. Despite his inept opinion New Yorkers know baseball and know good sportswriters.

So let Mr. McCabe stay in San Francisco where he may be able to fool newcomers to

continued

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SINGLE ISSUE



19TH HOLE continued

major league baseball. We New Yorkers are not impressed by witty criticisms without foundation.

PATRICK J. MCCORMACK JR.

Holts, N.Y.

Sus

I have just finished reading Mr. McCabe's article on New York and I say to him what I have said to anyone else—if you don't like it, stay away. We don't need you. You talk about getting pushed around. Yes, you will get pushed around in New York the same way vacationers get rooked anywhere (and don't say that your dear metropolis is any better). But try being man enough to push back, just once. Don't make your little blast of indignation for the record and then meekly do whatever you're told. Stand up. Push back. You'd be surprised the results it gets and the new sense of respect for yourself that will be engendered.

It seems to me that anyone who would check into another Hilton hotel after having been so shamefully mistreated by them deserves what he gets.

I cannot talk with authority about the pubs in this town. I know there are some very nice ones where I live, but as I am an infrequent frequenter I cannot comment with any degree of authority. However, I am assured that if the discerning individual will only discern a little bit instead of following the crowd, he will find anything to his liking. But then that takes initiative and individual thought. And pardon me if I do not agree that saloons are more valuable to a city than museums.

And now the Mets. I don't think you will ever realize how wrong you are. Met fans are not the dregs of the city. Take another look, or put the can of beer down so you can look. See the little old ladies? The young girls with their white cotton gloves? The young boys by the thousands with their baseball gloves and their signs? The college students? The same ones who know that Protests is such a great stimp because it has done something for the world's losers, which means everybody. And it's not just in New York that this phenomenon exists. Small-town newspapers that don't even acknowledge the existence of the Sedom of the North follow the Mets. Everybody does. But you couldn't be expected to understand why. No one who comes from a city that couldn't even recognize that it had the best living ballplayer, and one of the best ever, playing for its own home team, a city that had to be taught by those same Met fans of whom you speak so deprecatingly that Willie Mays was something special, this city couldn't be expected to understand how a city like New York could love the Mets with all its might.

JUDITH WEINTRAUB

New York City

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Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

I was one jump ahead of calamity on Norway's snowless ski-jump

1. "Racing down a slope at 40 miles an hour is spine-tangling even for a ski jumping buff like me," writes Peter Thyraas, an American friend of Canadian Club, "but Norway's snowless ski-jump gave me more excitement than I'd bargained for. In the summer near Oslo, they set up a plastic jump and make it express-train slick with soap. You go down the slide on stubby skis, leap into space and kick your skis off in mid-air. But right there comes a really hair-raising twist,



2. "The slope was lightning fast. I realized in a flash that either the run had never really been checked or they were using a slicker kind of soap for me. Leaping into the blue at that speed was surely inviting a smash ending.



3. "In a dizzying drop below me was the smooth surface of the fjord. Never was water so uninviting! At the breakneck speed I was traveling, that sheet of water hit me with the impact of a concrete wall. Right then I decided to wait for snow for my next jump!



4. "I made for shore and the Gjesbakkullen Inn, where old friends were waiting—one of them Canadian Club. My favorite drink was never more welcome!"

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